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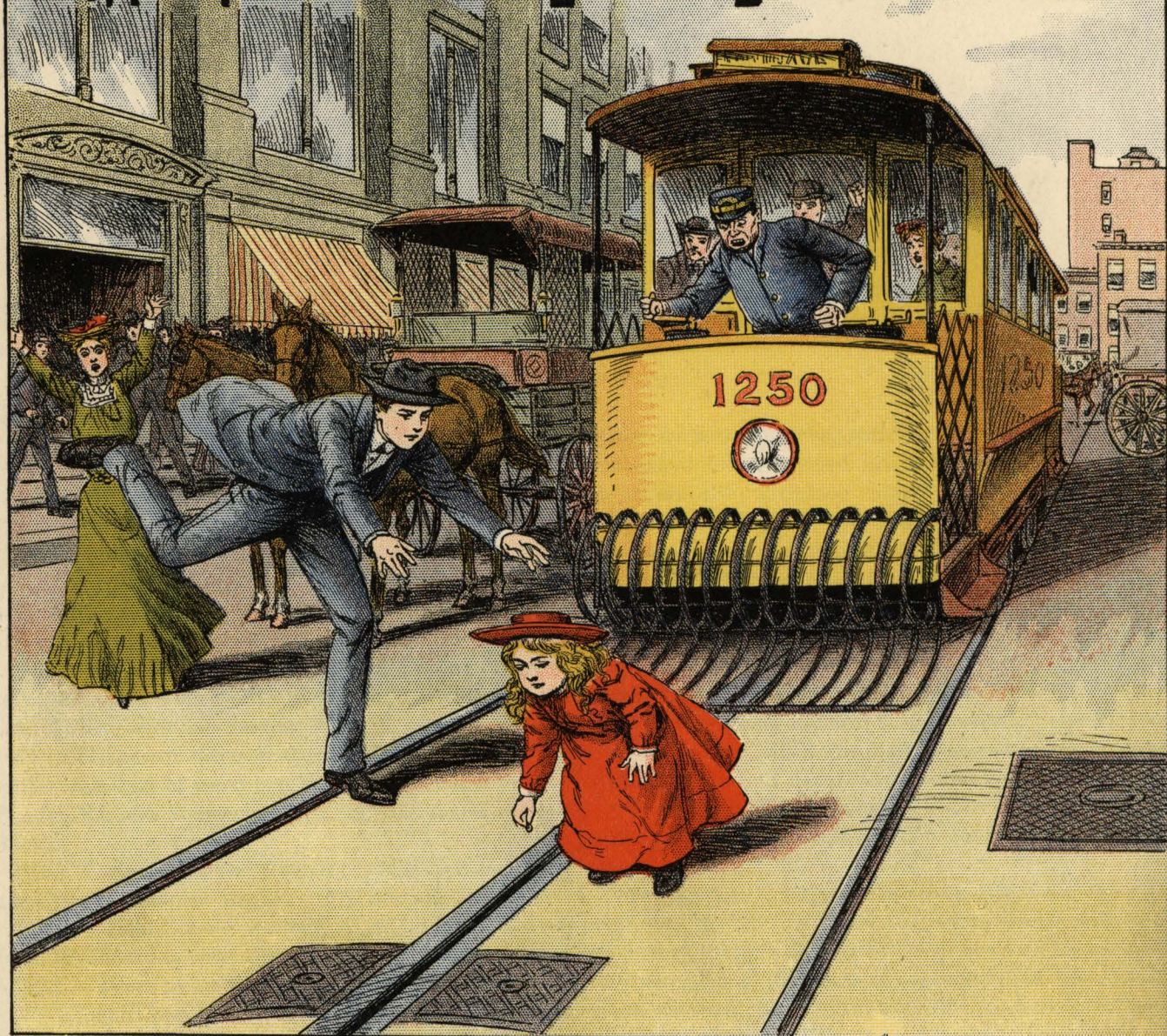
# FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

## WEEKLY.

### A LUCKY PENNY;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF A BOSTON BOY. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*



A humming electric car was bearing down upon a little girl in the act of dropping a coin into the slot in the center of the track. Quick as a flash Garland sprang forward and tore the child from her perilous situation.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1905, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 11

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1905.

Price 5 Cents

# A LUCKY PENNY;

OR,

## The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### IN WHICH TOM GARLAND MAKES A STANCH FRIEND.

"Stand back, cowards! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Six against one little fellow half your size, and lame at that! Back, I say, all of you, or I'll make some of you sweat for it!"

Thus spoke a handsome, squarely-built young fellow of seventeen years, Tom Garland by name, as, with clenched fists, flashing eyes and heaving chest, he stood in an attitude of belligerent defiance above little Dick Rogers, the unfortunate butt of the rough and unruly inmates of Mr. Bentley Wickes's Industrial Farm, in the suburbs of East Boston.

"Bah!" ejaculated the foremost young ruffian, whose name was Christopher Rugge. "Who are you, anyway?"

"That's right," cried another, a red-headed, freckled-faced boy known as Mike Shanley. "He's got a fierce nerve to butt in where he ain't wanted. Hit him, Chris!"

"Yes, punch him in the eye!" snorted a third, elbowing his way forward. "He only came here this afternoon, and he's tryin' to make himself cock of the walk already."

But Christopher Rugge, while the acknowledged bully of the establishment, seemed to be in no hurry to strike out

at the fearless boy, who, with his back against the tall, iron-spiked fence, opposed his two brawny arms between the six and their shrinking victim.

"Get out of the way, you chump," said Rugge, in menacing tones, "or you'll get hurt. We want that kid, and we're goin' to have him—see!"

"What do you want with him?"

"None of your bizness!" snarled Rugge, and the curling of his lip showed one prominent projecting tusk which didn't improve his good looks in the least.

"Well, I'm going to make it my business," replied Tom Garland, stoutly, not in the least dismayed by the ominous attitude of the half dozen hard youths facing him.

"Then yer goin' to git slugged!" howled Mike Shanley, making a sudden pass with one of his red fists at Garland's face.

The blow was quickly and neatly parried, and the stalwart Tom hooked him under the jaw in return, with such good effect that the Shanley boy went down on his back.

It was a signal for a general onslaught upon the intrepid youth who had taken upon himself the defence of poor little Dick Rogers.

Christopher Rugge was the first to try and land a knock-out blow.

Garland's quick eye enabled him to duck in time to



avoid it, and Rugge went down all in a heap under a straight left-hander, which rattled every tooth in his head.

The others, trying to get into the scrimmage, obstructed each other in such a way as to render their efforts somewhat abortive.

Garland took immediate advantage of this to sail right in like a young whirlwind, and he scattered his opponents like so much chaff.

Shanley got on his feet and headed a second assault over the body of Rugge, who seemed to have had enough of the scrap, but Tom took them as they came, dodging and advancing, and laying about him with his sledge-hammer fists, so that he fairly paralyzed the crowd.

In three minutes only Shanley appeared to be game enough to take further punishment, and he stuck it out till the blood flowed from his nose, and one of his eyes began to close under the severe mauling it got.

Then he, too, drew off and joined his pals, a dozen rods away, where they started to compare notes and to cast ruffled looks of unfeigned wonder at the new arrival who had so briefly and so effectually done them up.

"He must be a prize-fighter and no mistake!" growled Christopher Rugge, nursing his aching jaw. "Not one of us fellers could touch him at all. He's chain-lightnin' with them mawleys of his'n. You can't tell me he ain't one of them amachure lightweights you read about in the papers. Gee! I thought me head was comin' off when he took me in the mouth."

"I'd like to know who he is," said Shanley, with one hand to his injured eye. "He kin fight, bet yer boots!"

"His name is Tom Garland," spoke up one of the group.

"How do you know, Reddy?"

"I heard old Wickes call him by that name."

"If yer did I s'pose that settles it. Well, fellers, you kin make up yer minds to one thing, he's goin' to rule this here roost unless we kin find some way to do him up. We can't lick him in a stand-up fight, that's sure. If he's goin' to take the kiddy's part right along we won't be able to have no more fun with him."

"It's a pity to lose such a cinch," grumbled Reddy.

"Never mind. We'll get on top ag'in jest as soon as we kin think up somethin' that'll take the wind out'r the new chap's sails."

"That's what!" said Rugge, malevolently. "We'll do him afore the week's out."

The six young ruffians, duly comforted by this assurance, walked off to hunt up fresh diversion.

In the meantime, Tom Garland, whose only injuries were a pair of skinned knuckles, had raised little, crippled Dick Rogers to his feet, and was assuring the timid, pale-faced boy that he need fear no further trouble, for the time being at least.

Although clad in the roughest of garments, there was an undefinable air of gentility about Dick Rogers.

And when he spoke his voice was soft and gentle, and his language good, showing he had enjoyed a fairly good education, although he was but fourteen.

His manner was reticent, pathetically so, and he went about his daily tasks on the farm, diligently and uncomplainingly, yet his very weakness and non-resistance to tyranny brought down upon his devoted head nothing but imposition and often abuse from the proprietor of the establishment, as well as a refined cruelty from his associates.

If there ever was a lad out of place, it was Dick Rogers, whose only sin was that he stood in the way of a heartless stepfather's accession to a comfortable fortune, and in consequence he had been confided to the care of Mr. Bentley Wickes, whose model industrial establishment supplied a long-felt want among that portion of the community who wished to get rid of a member of their family for reasons just or otherwise—often otherwise.

What the reasons were which consigned stalwart young Tom Garland to the farm were only known to his uncle, Aminadab Sleek, a soft-spoken pillar of the church.

As Mr. Sleek was generally regarded as a very respectable member of Boston's middle-class society, and was cashier of a dime savings institution, his attitude in the matter could not reasonably be assailed.

Mr. Sleek intimated to several acquaintances that Mr. Bentley Wickes's Model Industrial Farm was a boon to the rising generation.

So when the bright-faced, good-natured Tom Garland disappeared from his regular haunts it was presumed he had been despatched to learn a good trade, where he would live on the fat of the land.

"I'm so much obliged to you for saving me from those boys," said Dick Rogers, with earnest gratitude, as with tears in his honest blue eyes he looked into the face of his new-found friend.

"Don't mention it, Rogers, I believe that is your name."

"Please call me Dick. You will tell me your name, won't you?"

"Tom Garland."

"Will you let me call you Tom? Will you let me talk to you sometimes? I haven't a friend in this place, though I have tried so hard to make myself pleasant to the other boys."

The pathetic earnestness with which the crippled boy said this went straight to Tom's heart.

"Certainly you may call me Tom, and you may talk to me whenever you wish to. Furthermore, I will be glad to be your friend. I will be glad to have you as a friend, for from what I have seen of the crowd in this place, I'm obliged to say they don't suit me worth a cent."

"Do you really mean that you will be my friend?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"I do mean it, Dick. I like you. You are entirely different from the others. I don't take up with everybody, I can tell you. If you are willing we will be chums while we remain here."

"You are so good to say that. I hardly dare expect such luck. I have never been happy from the day I came here. But now with you as my friend I——"

He broke down and burst into passionate sobbing.



"It seems like a dream," he added, as Tom looked at him, sympathetically. "A dream from which I must awake to find everything as before you came."

"Don't you believe it, old fellow," said Tom, breezily. "I'm going to protect you to the limit. Anybody who ill-treats you has got to answer to me for it. I simply won't stand for having you abused. So, shake on it, little chum."

Dick put out his little, thin hand and Tom grasped it warmly.

The friendship then and there begun lasted henceforth, firm and unbroken—a friendship which was loyal till death.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN WHICH TOM LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE INDUSTRIAL FARM.

Mr. Bentley Wickes's Model Industrial Farm was situated in a part of East Boston, overlooking the bay.

It consisted mainly of a large, rambling structure, of the Revolutionary type, for it had been built about the year 1770, surrounded by a tall, stone fence, adorned with iron spikes of a formidable nature, which enclosed a good-sized yard, originally a garden, on the side nearest the water.

Several acres of indifferent land were attached to the building, and this ground gave the establishment its name, though very little actual farming was done on the place, the labor in that line being practically confined to raising garden truck for the table of the inmates, and to send to market, mostly the latter.

When Mr. Wickes, who was a tall, thin, sanctimonious-looking individual of forty, conceived his brilliant idea of an industrial farm, he rented this old Colonial property for a mere song.

It had been on the market for years.

Nobody else wanted it on account of its weird reputation.

Report said that a couple of British spies had been executed from the limbs of the ancient gnarled oak tree which still flourished between the house and one of the walls, and their bodies buried under its spreading branches.

This event was alleged to have transpired during the siege of Boston, and it was believed by many superstitious persons that the perturbed ghosts of the two soldiers roamed about the premises.

This spooky legend, however, didn't prevent Mr. Wickes from taking possession of the property, nor from furnishing the best part of the house for his own especial accommodation.

The long, low-ceiled dining-room on the ground floor was fitted up as a printing office, for the production of religious pamphlets, as well as "The Milk of Human Kindness," a weekly newspaper edited and published by Bentley Wickes himself.

A seductive advertisement, inserted in several newspapers

of large circulation, stating that refractory orphan boys would, for a very moderate sum, be received at the Model Industrial Farm, soon brought answers, and to the writers were sent circulars setting forth the moral, home-like and industrial advantages of the training school.

The result was Mr. Wickes was presently intrusted with the care of many youths, some of them rough and refractory, it is true, but the major part boys who, for various reasons, were not wanted at home.

The industrial character of the school was limited to the printing department and the truck patch.

The boys were taught to set type, the bigger ones being initiated into the mysteries of make-up and stone-work, and to feed and make ready on the jobbers and the country cylinder, the most refractory youths being obliged to furnish the motive power for the latter by turning a big wheel as a standard punishment.

Mr. Wickes had complete guardianship over his young charges.

When a boy was turned over to him a paper was made out which constituted him his legal jailor, as it were.

There were no holidays at the farm, Sunday being the only day of rest and recreation.

The boys ordinarily worked ten hours a day, but when there was plenty of work on hand they put in as many hours overtime as their master deemed necessary to turn out his contracts on time.

Although the boys slept high, in the roomy attics, they didn't otherwise live high, for Mr. Wickes believed that the juvenile appetite ought not to be pampered, consequently the inmates of the establishment were always in a chronic state of semi-starvation.

That kept the unruly ones in constant rebellion, and, therefore, furnished plenty of animal power to run the cylinder press, the small presses being operated by their treadles.

The establishment had been in existence a matter of six months when Mr. Sleek heard of it, and he lost no time in arranging with Mr. Wickes, whom he found to be a kindred spirit, for the accommodation of his nephew, Tom Garland.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Tom had only been an inmate of the place about an hour or two, when he had the run-in with the tough crowd, as described in the opening of the previous chapter.

The outcome of the scrap was soon circulated among the fifteen boys who made up the population of the farm, and Garland received the congratulations of all his new companions, the defeated clique, of course, excepted.

"You're a good one," said Tommy White, a skinny orphan of fourteen years, gazing admiringly at the new boy, as he stood with one hand thrown protectingly around the shoulders of Dick Rogers, who looked proud and happy under the changed state of affairs.

"Oh, I guess I can take care of myself," answered Tom, carelessly.

"I guess you can."

"My eye!" exclaimed Billy Dux, an uninteresting youth



of twelve, who performed the duties allotted to the printer's devil, when he wasn't employed about the truck garden. "You're a peach! You licked the whole Rugge gang all by yourself. Well, say, where did you learn to spar?"

"I picked it up partly at the Young Men's Christian Association gym, and partly from Professor Dunne, an ex-heavyweight, who gives lessons in the noble art of self-defense."

"You're all right, Garland!" spoke up another boy, called Ben Meade. "You put as fine a mansard roof over Reddy McQuirk's eye as I ever seen."

"Rugge, Shanley and McQuirk have bossed the rest of us fellers ever since they came here. They'd thump us every once in a while, just for the fun of the thing. But Dick Rogers always got the worst of any of us, 'cause he's lame and couldn't get away from 'em," said Tommy White.

"They won't thump Dick any more, not if I know of it."

"Bully for you!" cried Billy Dux.

"Say, Garland," asked Meade, "how came you to be sent here?"

"Search me," replied Tom, cheerfully. "My uncle just made arrangements without consulting me, and here I am."

"You have my sympathy."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're up against it hard, when you come here."

"Who says so?"

"I say so," replied Meade.

"Betcher life you are!" corroborated Billy Dux.

"Sure thing!" nodded Tommy White.

"Let me know what you mean?" asked Tom, with great interest. "This is an industrial farm, isn't it?"

"That's what it's called," said Billy Dux, "though it's more of a prison than anythin' else."

"A prison!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"That's what I said. Now you're here, just you try to get out and see where you're at."

"Aren't you allowed to go into town occasionally?"

"Not on your life we ain't!"

"Why not?" asked Garland, in a decided tone.

"'Cause the regulashuns say not."

"Oh, shoot the regulations!" replied Tom, with a flash in his eye. "Mr. Wickes hasn't any right to shut us up here, as if we were a lot of jail-birds."

"He does it, just the same," said Tommy White.

"When I feel like going out I shall ask permission to do so."

At these words the rest of the boys set up a derisive howl.

"If he refuses me the right to do so I shall ask him the reason."

"He'll show you the regulashuns."

"If I don't like his reasons I'll write to Mr. Sleek, my uncle, and make a kick."

"It won't do you no good," said Billy Dux. "I tried that myself, but it didn't work. His Nibs got hold of the letter and put it into the fire. He reads all of our letters, when we write any, which isn't often, now."

"Say, you fellows are not giving me a stand-up about

this place, are you?" asked Garland, doubtfully. "I understood it was altogether different."

"Ask Dick, there. You'll believe him. He wouldn't lie for a house and lot."

"Well, Dick, chum, how is it? Are these fellows giving it to me straight?"

"Yes, Tom. We are worked hard, don't get half enough to eat, and we're watched all the time so we can't run away."

"Great Caesar! Is that the fact?"

"Yes, Tom. We are all supposed to be very bad boys."

"Oh, we are?" and Tom gave a peculiar whistle.

"Mike Shanley and Chris Rugge both escaped about a month ago, but the police was notified, they were caught and brought back with handcuffs on them, and Mr. Wickes kept them down in the dark cellar for a week on bread and water."

"That's tough!" said Tom, looking very serious. "I wonder what could have induced my uncle to send me to such a place as this? He must have been greatly deceived by the circular. I'm going to write him about it."

"He won't never get your letter."

"He won't? Why, he expects to hear from me, I'm sure, and if I don't write he'll come down and see what's the matter."

Poor, unsuspecting Tom! If he had only known that Mr. Sleek had not the slightest intention of bothering about him in the least he would have changed his mind concerning his relative's interest in his welfare.

"Maybe he will," grinned Billy Dux, doubtfully; "but it's my opinion he won't."

"What makes you think that?"

"'Cause I hain't got much confidence in any person who would send a boy to this place. Me folks sent me here 'cause they wanted to get me out of the way."

"Get you out of the way? What was the matter with you?"

"My father and I didn't pull, so he sent me here to learn to be a printer."

"That's a good business. I wouldn't mind learning myself."

"You'll learn it whether you've a mind to or not. That's what we all work at."

"Is that the only trade taught here?"

"That's all."

"How about farming?"

"Dick does most of the farmin'," grinned Billy Dux.

"What do you do, Dick?" asked Tom, kindly.

"I dig up the weeds, and the vegetables when they're ripe, and hoe, and rake, and look after the flowers in front for Mrs. Wickes, and wait on Rufus Wickes and his sister when they want me, wash the windows, help the cook, carry water——"

"Hold on!" cried Tom, in amazement. "Do you really do all that?"

"Yes, and a lot more, too. When there isn't much to do around the house I have to report to Mr. Runyon, the foreman, and he puts me at the case."



"At the case?" repeated Tom, who wasn't up in the printing phraseology.

"Setting type."

"Oh, I see! It seems to me you haven't much to do," with a curious smile. "How does it happen you're not working now?"

"Mr. Wickes lets me have a half holiday on Sunday."

"He's very kind," said Tom, sarcastically.

"He is, I don't think!" spoke up Tommy White. "Everybody seems to sit on Dick's neck, from the boss and the missus down, just because he's so good and obligin', and never kicks when they rub it in. I don't see why he ever came here."

"How happens it that you did come here, Dick?" asked Tom.

"I don't know," replied the lame boy, sadly.

"I should think your father and mother——"

"Father and mother are both dead," and the tears welled into his blue eyes.

"You've got some relatives, haven't you?"

"I've a step-father, and he has a son. I'm afraid they don't like me," he added, reluctantly.

"So you were sent here to be out of the way, too, eh?" said Tom, sympathetically. "Don't you mind. If you haven't any other friend you've got me."

"Yes," said the lame boy, taking Garland's hand, trustingly, "I've got you."

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN WHICH TOM TAKES HIS FIRST LESSON AT THE CASE.

Tom Garland learned many things that afternoon which educated him to the situation, and he privately made up his mind that Bentley Wickes's Industrial Farm wouldn't hold him any longer than he chose to stay.

If his uncle wouldn't remove him, he'd skip out on his own hook, and when he left he intended his new chum should go with him.

He took nobody into his confidence but Dick.

"If I only could go with you!" murmured the lame boy, sadly.

"And so you shall."

"No," replied the boy, shaking his head, mournfully, "I never could get away."

"Oh, yes, you could!" answered Tom, reassuringly.

"How could I? We are so closely guarded here that it will be as much as you will be able to do to get away yourself, and I wouldn't believe you could do that only you're so smart that I guess you can do anything."

"Thanks, old chap; but if I am not smart enough to take you along, why, I'll stay here and put up with my lot."

"You are so good," breathed the lame boy, gratefully.

At that moment the bell rang for supper.

The boys all trooped into a wash-room, according to the regulations, and Dick piloted the way for Tom.

Then they formed into line, with Christopher Rugge at the head, and marched into the big kitchen, where a long table was laid out.

It was Garland's first meal at the farm, and he found that the bill of fare that evening consisted of a mug of weak tea, a couple of stewed prunes of ancient vintage, and a single slice of rye bread without butter.

Fortunately, he had enjoyed a good dinner before he came hither with Mr. Sleek, so he didn't mind the insufficient fare.

At eight o'clock the boys, after listening to a short religious talk by Mr. Wickes, in the parlor, were sent to bed, and it happened, by the greatest luck in the world, that Tom was quartered in the same bed with Dick.

"How did it happen Mr. Wickes put us together, chum?" asked Tom, after they had got under the bed clothes.

But Dick couldn't enlighten him on the subject.

"I s'pose it must have been chance. I'm glad, aren't you?"

"Very glad," replied the lame boy, earnestly.

"Say, Fanny Wickes is the worst ever, isn't she?" grinned Tom. "Her eyes look like a couple of watery gooseberries in a door jamb. And her nose! Oh, lor! It's turned up for fair. Her mouth looks big enough to swallow a whole mince pie. She's a regular sight."

"I saw her smile at you once or twice," said Dick. "You're so good-looking that I shouldn't be at all surprised if she got sweet on you."

"Don't. I really couldn't stand her."

"If she gets to like you you'll have an easy time of it here," said the lame boy.

"How's that?" asked Garland, with some interest.

"She does anything she likes. She could let you go outside on the street if she took it into her head to do so."

"Oh, I see!" replied Tom, an idea flashing through his brain. "P'raps I'd better try to get friendly with her. She may turn up useful one of these days."

Dick smiled at the suggestion, but made no remark.

Next morning at six the boys, as usual, were routed out of their beds by the ringing of a loud-mouthed bell.

At half-past six a watery portion of oatmeal was placed before each one at the table.

This with a small potatoe apiece, a slice of bread and a cup of some decoction which went by the name of coffee, constituted their morning's repast.

At seven o'clock the foreman of the printery arrived, and all hands got down to business for the day.

Tom was placed before a frame on which was laid a printer's lower case, with a single alphabet of big gothic-faced type distributed in it, and was instructed to learn the lay-out of the boxes.

"This is the A box," said the foreman, sharply, picking up the letter and showing it to Tom. "You can read the letters, can't you?"

"Sure thing!"

"This is B up here," pointing to another compartment in the case, exactly one-half the size of the A box. "C is



next to it," showing him. "D is next, and this box, which you observe is the largest of all, is E."

"That's easy," said Garland.

"Is it? You won't find it so when I leave you to pick 'em out yourself," replied the foreman, sarcastically. "Now watch me point out the others," and he did so, Tom following him attentively.

"I'll get them down fine in a little while."

"I hope you will, for I hate to waste time on such ignorant beasts as you chaps are when you first start in."

"Thank you," said Tom, politely.

The foreman stared at him in some surprise, but said nothing.

"After you have learned the boxes perfectly, so when I dump the letters out you can replace them in their proper places, excepting the P, D, B and Q, which I don't expect you to master right off——"

"Why not?" asked Tom. "What's the matter with them?"

"The matter with them is this: They look alike to the eyes of a beginner when mixed up."

"Do they?" remarked the boy, innocently. "I shouldn't have thought so."

Mr. Runyon looked at him suspiciously, as if he thought the boy was making game of him, then continued:

"I'll show you," he said. "You must hold each type with the nicks—that's the nick, see?—up."

He picked up the four letters mentioned, showed each to Tom, separately, in order, and asked him if he recognized them.

"Sure I do."

"Now pick 'em out," said the foreman, with a grin, after mixing them up in his hand.

Tom made a lamentable failure of it.

"It isn't so easy, you see."

Then he explained the differences in the four letters, and left the boy to his own devices.

Garland applied himself with much zeal to his task, and in the course of an hour had mastered the lay of the lower case to the satisfaction of Runyon.

The upper case was easy to learn, so far as the alphabet was concerned, the other boxes he was told he could pick out at leisure, as the characters therein were seldom used.

Then Tom was furnished with a "stick," shown how to hold it, how the types were to be arranged in it, with the nicks up, how, after a line of type had been set, he was to glance over it, correct any inaccuracies, such as wrong letters, etc.

The foreman set up the first line himself.

"You see it is short, don't you? It doesn't fill the stick out. To accomplish that you must equalize the spacing between the words, as near as possible," and then Runyon illustrated his words.

Then he set a second line and showed Tom how there was no room to get the final D in the word "and" in.

"In this case you reduce the spacing, first after the comma, and then a thinner space, after this W in 'how' and after this Y in 'why'—see?"

Tom thought he did, but wasn't quite sure.

At length he got the hang of the matter, and Runyon left him to set up a few lines by himself, which fact he accomplished fairly well.

When all hands adjourned to the kitchen at noon for dinner, which consisted of a piece of corned beef, a potato, and a consumptive-looking piece of apple pie, Tom felt he could reasonably pat himself on the back for the progress he had made at the art preservative.

"How did you get on, Tom?" asked Dick, who had not appeared in the printing office all morning, his duties elsewhere taking up all of his attention.

"First-class," replied Garland, enthusiastically.

"Do you like it?"

"Sure I do."

"I'm glad."

"It isn't so hard when you give your entire attention. I set up a whole stickful this morning, and Mr. Runyon said I was doing fine."

"You're a wonder, Tom."

"Oh, I don't know. There are others."

"Not here."

"Why not? I'll bet you did just as well when you started in. Come now, own up."

"No. I was a whole day setting up part of a stickful so it would hang together."

"Then I must be doing pretty well, eh?"

"You surely are, Tom. I wish I was as smart as you."

"Maybe you're smarter in your way."

But the lame boy shook his head.

"I'm not strong, and I can't accomplish as much as other boys my size. I'd much rather study. I like to read and find out things. I like history, and geography, and astronomy, and many things. Oh, if I was only allowed to learn!"

"Don't get discouraged, chum. Your time is coming."

"Do you really think so?" asked the lame boy, eagerly.

"I do, really," and he meant it.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH TOM ESCORTS MISS FANNY WICKES TO THE MATINEE.

By the end of the week Tom Garland had made considerable progress as a compositor, and had been commended both by the foreman and Mr. Wickes himself.

This was something unusual, and was duly commented on by the other boys, who had no remembrance of having received anything but sarcasm or abuse from the boss of the establishment or from Runyon.

Miss Fanny Wickes also visited the printing office one afternoon, which she did not often do, and hung around the neighborhood of Tom's frame for a good half hour.

But a great surprise was in store for Garland.

When the boys quit work Saturday noon for dinner, Runyon stopped Tom and told him to report in Mr.



Wickes's office, across the entry from the printery, at one o'clock, which was the hour when work was resumed.

Of course he did so.

Bentley Wickes was writing a ponderous editorial on "The Duty of the Christian to the Heathen."

"Ahem! Master Garland, you have read the 'Regulations' of this establishment over carefully, have you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, wondering what was coming.

"Then you will remember that Rule 12 says that when a member of my family desires the services of one of the inmates of this establishment he is expected to obey all orders coming from that person."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Go upstairs, put on your best clothes, and then report to my daughter Fanny in the parlor."

Tom withdrew.

"I wonder what that prize package wants with me?" he said to himself, with a grimace, as he slowly took his way to the garret to change his clothes and brush his hair.

Miss Fanny, dressed in her most gorgeous finery, and prepared to go out, was awaiting him in the parlor.

She smiled sweetly, or at least that is what she meant her features to express, when Tom appeared, hat in hand.

"You are Tom Garland," she said, coquettishly.

"Yes, Miss Wickes."

"You may call me Miss Fanny, if you like," she said, screwing her countenance into another smile.

Tom bowed politely.

"I am going to the matinee this afternoon," she continued; "and as I require an escort, I asked my father to assign you to that duty."

Garland was so surprised that he nearly dropped.

"I may say that this is the first time a boy has been permitted to go outside of the bounds, but pa never refuses me anything."

"It is certainly a great privilege to accompany the charming daughter of the proprietor of this establishment to the matinee or elsewhere," replied Tom, hiding a grin behind his hand, as he bowed low to Miss Wickes.

Miss Fanny giggled and tried to look archly at the good-looking boy who had taken her fancy.

"Isn't he polite?" she said to herself. Then aloud she said: "We will go now."

The watchman unlocked the side gate and let them out into the street.

He didn't say anything, of course, but he looked surprised to see one of the inmates permitted to go at large, as it were.

"He's just too handsome for anything!" thought the girl, casting a side glance at her manly young escort as they walked down the street.

She hoped that her bosom friend, Carrie Bird, would be looking out of her window as they passed her house.

As it happened, Miss Bird was looking out of the window, and as Miss Bird had insinuated on more than one occasion that Fanny couldn't catch a beau to save her life, Miss Wickes nodded and smiled triumphantly as she passed,

and, of course, her dear friend Carrie was very much astonished at what she saw.

They took an electric car at the next corner and rode down to the vicinity of the tunnel.

The theatre for which Miss Fanny had tickets was at the corner of Maverick and Frankfort streets.

They entered the theatre and were shown to good seats in the orchestra.

Tom only had a quarter in his clothes, but he thought he would invest this to advantage, so at the close of the first act he excused himself, went outside and purchased a box of mixed candies, which he presented to Miss Fanny on his return inside.

"Aren't you just too kind!" she said, beaming all over her freckles as she accepted the present.

"Might as well make myself solid while I'm about it," Tom thought, as he grinned at her cheerfully.

"Isn't the play delightful?" she said later, when the leading soubrette waltzed on and sang a popular melody in rag-time.

"Yes," replied Tom, "it is quite on the blink."

Fanny seemed a bit puzzled by his remark, but didn't like to ask him what he meant.

She presumed it was something complimentary to the show.

Garland, who had been accustomed to attend the theatre quite often, thought the performance rather rocky.

"How do you like the Industrial Farm?" asked Fanny, curiously, during the next intermission.

"I'd like it better if we had more to eat," he replied, bluntly.

"Don't you really get enough?" she inquired in apparent surprise.

"Not according to my standard, Miss Fanny; but I guess I can stand it if the others can."

"Well, you're going to dine with us this evening," she said, sweetly.

"That isn't according to the 'Regulations,' is it?"

"We sometimes make exceptions where we especially like a boy," she answered, in a tone that meant to convey the impression that "we" meant herself.

Tom grinned without making a reply.

"If you want a favor at any time, all you've got to do is to ask me and I'll see that you get it," she added.

"Thanks; you're awfully good."

Then the curtain went up on the last act.

It was a restaurant scene.

By and by the chief comedian came out, sat down to a table and ordered a meal.

It was duly brought by a comic servant.

The comedian wrestled awhile with the contents of his plate.

Then he shouted to the waiter.

"Look here, this steak is like leather! Take it away."

"Can't change it now, sir," grinned the waiter; "you've bent it."

"Wasn't that funny?" giggled Fanny, as the audience roared at the joke.



"Awfully!" chuckled Tom. "That waiter is bent on saying something amusing."

"Aren't you just too delightfully clever!" cried the girl, slapping him playfully on the arm with her fan.

"I was born so," replied Tom, solemnly, "so you must excuse me."

"Oh, what a ridiculous fib!"

Just then the comedian threw the steak at the waiter and knocked him down, whereat everybody laughed again, Miss Fanny fairly shrieking with delight.

"Do you know, I should like to go on the stage myself," said Miss Wickes when she had recovered her breath.

"I think you would make a hit," remarked Garland, with a grin.

"Do you, really?" she asked, delightedly.

"Sure thing! You'd be the whole show."

He meant holy show, but he didn't say it, of course.

"I'm going to ask pa to let me," she said, as if suddenly impressed with the idea of her histrionic ability.

"I wouldn't ask him all at once," said Tom. "It might stagger him. Do it by instalments."

And then the curtain came down and they took their departure for the farm.

"Remain here in the parlor till I come down," said Miss Fanny, after they entered the house. "I'll play something for you on the piano, and by that time dinner will be ready."

"I'll have my first square meal this week," muttered Garland, as he wandered over behind the thick curtains, which shaded the parlor windows. "It's worth it to be seen with that girl at a show."

Which, we are sorry to say, was not at all complimentary to the peculiar charms of Miss Fanny.

Tom could see the cottages which lined the opposite side of the street from where he stood.

The gate which afforded entrance to the establishment was also right in front of him, a few yards away, and beside it the watchman's lodge.

The space between the house and the front wall was laid out as a garden, and the boy saw his little lame chum, Dick Rogers, weeding the ground.

"Poor fellow," mused Tom, sympathetically, "he has a hard time of it here."

Then his attention was directed to the gate by the clang of the bell.

In a moment or two the watchman made his appearance at the door of the lodge, walked to the barred gate, and, pushing aside a small panel, interviewed the visitor.

The gatekeeper seemed to be satisfied with the character of the caller, for he unbarred the gate and admitted him.

"Great Shakes!" exclaimed Tom, in astonishment, "it's my uncle, Mr. Sleek!"

## CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH TOM EXPERIENCES A RUDE SHOCK.

"I wonder what brought him over here?" mused Garland, as the watchman piloted the way toward the house,

Mr. Sleek following close behind. "Come to see if I'm well taken care of, maybe. I'll have to call his attention to our measley diet. I believe the watch-dog is fed better."

Pretty soon Tom heard his uncle's voice in the hall, and almost immediately Mr. Wickes appeared at the parlor door and ushered his visitor into the room.

Tom, hidden behind the heavy, dark curtains, was not observed, and before the boy had decided just what he ought to do under the circumstances, the two men took chairs within a foot or two of his place of concealment, and immediately entered into a confidential conversation, the nature of which gave the listener the surprise of his life.

"How is my nephew, Tom Garland, getting on?" began Mr. Sleek.

"All right, my dear sir," replied Mr. Wickes, rubbing his hands softly, one over the other. "He's a bright boy—a very bright boy, I may say."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Sleek, drily.

"We started him at the printing trade, and he has surprised us with the rapidity with which he is picking it up. Seems to have a natural aptitude for the business."

"Then he hasn't made any objection yet to the stringency of your rules, or to his enforced confinement on the premises?"

"Not at all. As to confinement, well, ahem! my daughter seems to have taken a fancy to him as an escort—he's the best-dressed as well as best-behaved boy on the farm—and she insisted on having him go with her to the matinee this afternoon."

"I thought that was contrary to your 'Regulations,' Mr. Wickes?" said Mr. Sleek, manifestly surprised at the news, which did not seem to please him.

"Yes, of course," replied Mr. Wickes, suavely; "but this is an exception. It probably won't occur again."

"I hope not, sir," said Mr. Sleek, stiffly, much to Tom's astonishment. "I don't want the boy to get away from this place until I am ready to ship him off with my friend, Captain Boone, whom I expect to arrive in Boston any day now from the East Indies."

"I'll see that he doesn't get out again, Mr. Sleek."

"I trust you will. Better keep a sharp eye on him. He's a bright boy, as you say—rather too bright for me to have around loose. Look out he doesn't give you the slip."

"My dear sir, we have a high wall with spikes on top of it, and then there's the watchman, while a ferocious bulldog roams the yard at night. There isn't the least chance of his getting away by his own resources."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Sleek, in a tone which left not the slightest doubt in the hidden boy's mind that he meant it.

"Great Scott!" the lad muttered, "what have I ever done to Uncle Aminadab that he has got it in for me so bad!"

"You expect to send the boy to sea, Mr. Sleek?" asked Mr. Wickes, regretfully, for he had hoped to reap much advantage from Tom's services as soon as he became a proficient workman.

"I do."



"A sailor's life presents very few advantages for a boy of his ability."

"That doesn't interest me," replied Mr. Sleek, shortly.

"Hem! Then it appears to me that the boy's future does not concern you very much," said Mr. Wickes, slyly.

"It concerns me very much, sir; but not in the way you may think."

"In what way, then, might I ask?" inquired the proprietor of the farm, inquisitively.

"That is my business, Mr. Wickes. If a reptile was to cross your path, sir, what would you do?"

"I should be strongly tempted to crush it," replied Mr. Wickes, promptly.

"Exactly. Maybe you can see a similitude, then, between a reptile and——"

"Your nephew," said the other, supplying the missing words, as Mr. Sleek paused.

"Hem!"

"He doesn't look like a reptile," went on Mr. Wickes, insinuatingly.

"All reptiles don't look alike," said the respectable member of Boston society, significantly. "Most of them are by nature given to crawling, but occasionally we come across one with two legs."

This was very true, though it is quite possible neither Bentley Wickes nor the smoothly spoken Mr. Sleek saw any likeness to themselves in this allusion.

"So Tom Garland is really a reptile, is he?"

"In this respect he is—an obnoxious obstruction in my path."

"Ahem! I begin to understand. The boy interferes with certain plans you have formed. You propose to remove him so that those plans may proceed without opposition."

Mr. Sleek nodded.

"My very dear sir, you are not alone in this. I have another boy confided to my indulgent care by his step-father, Dr. Hawke."

Tom started, for Dick Rogers had told him that his relative's name was Hawke.

"This boy's father was rich, and when he died, left the bulk of his property to his son," went on Mr. Wickes, confidentially. "The boy's mother, it seems, married Dr. Hawke, a physician of some ability, but after a short time died of rapid consumption. Dr. Hawke decided to give up housekeeping, and sent his stepson, the young heir, to me. As the boy is not strong, and something of a cripple——"

"Was that he I saw just now in your garden?" interrupted Mr. Sleek, curiously.

"Very likely. As I was saying, his health not being very robust, Dr. Hawke believed the boy will soon die, and that the money and bonds left to the boy will then revert to him. He believes the boy may have the germs of consumption in his blood. At any rate, the lad stands in the doctor's way—a kind of reptile, you would call him, I think—and Dr. Hawke and yourself entertain similar views as to what ought to be done with such things."

"Ahem! Now the purport of my visit was to inform

you that you may expect a visit from Captain Boone very soon—maybe in two weeks. You will therefore understand that he represents me in this matter, and I authorize you to follow whatever instructions he gives you in reference to Tom Garland."

"Certainly, sir, if that is your desire," replied Wickes, deferentially.

"After the captain shall have taken the boy in his charge you will send your bill to me by mail."

"Very well, Mr. Sleek."

"That is all, I think, so I will now take my departure, feeling sure I can depend upon you to keep a close watch over my nephew until Captain Boone presents his credentials as my representative."

Mr. Sleek picked up his hat, and then the mogul of the industrial farm politely showed him out by the front door.

Mr. Wickes had hardly returned to his office below before Miss Fanny, his daughter, came into the parlor with a skip and a jump.

"Tom Garland, where are you?" she cried, looking around.

"Here," said Tom, coming from behind the curtain.

"Looking out of the window? Why, how white your face is! You're not sick, are you?" she asked, with some concern.

"No, no," replied the boy, pulling himself together. "I'm feeling like a top."

"I'm glad to hear it," she said. "I see your color is coming back. Maybe something you had for dinner disagreed with you."

"No," answered the boy, gravely, "it was something else that disagreed with me."

"What was that?"

"I saw a couple of reptiles just now, and they gave me a start, that's all."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, with a laugh. "But there's the dinner-bell. You and I will go downstairs together."

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN WHICH TOM OVERHEARS A DIABOLICAL SCHEME.

Nearly three weeks passed away without anything of a startling nature occurring to vary the monotony of daily toil at the industrial farm.

Tom Garland had much food for thought during that interval.

The dismay he had experienced at the discovery that his uncle, the very respectable Mr. Sleek, had evil designs upon him, turned into a firm resolve to euchre his relative.

"I can't exactly see what his little game is," mused the boy, "but whatever the nigger in the woodpile is I'm going to find it out one of these days. So I'm slated for the sea, am I? Not if I know it, b'gee! I was not cut out for a Tom Bowling. The solid earth is good enough for me every day in the week, Sunday included. And poor little



Dick! Isn't it funny, he's in the same boat with me—his guardian wants to do him up for his money, for it must be there's money or property coming to me that I don't know anything about, which causes my respectable uncle to take such an uncommon interest in my future. Gee! What a rascal he is! And I never suspected him of entertaining anything but the best intentions toward me. This is a curious world—everybody seems to be trying to get the best of everybody else, from the big trusts down to unoffending little chaps like Dick and I. All hands were doing Dick up till I came here. I'll have to help him out against that stepfather of his. I wonder if he knows what he's up against? I guess not, and I haven't the heart to let on what I learned. Well, Dick, old chum, you've got one friend, and he spells him name T-O-M."

Tom by this time had learned to set a pretty clean proof, though he hadn't as yet acquired the speed which comes only with practice and an aptitude for the business.

He had also had another run-in with the Rugge gang, who thought to take him one evening unawares.

But that was where they were mistaken, and when Tom had polished the crowd off in good shape, without looking much the worse for the scrap, they gave up any further attempt, satisfied that science and agility were worth any amount of brute strength.

Tom had received many favors through Miss Fanny Wickes, but her pull didn't work any more when it came to getting him on the outside of the spiked wall.

Dick told his chum that the infatuated miss had had a run-in with her parent on the subject, and had, for once in her life at least, come off second best.

Garland wasn't surprised to hear this.

He knew what he knew, and that was all there was to it.

It was the middle of the fourth week of Tom Garland's incarceration—the word is well applied—in the Industrial Farm.

He had been steadily formulating plans looking to his escape, as well as that of Dick Rogers, from the prison-like establishment ruled over with an iron hand by the editor of "The Milk of Human Kindness."

He expected to derive some benefit from his relations with Miss Fanny, and, to use his own expression, he was "playing her for all she was worth."

Perhaps this was not exactly a manly thing to do, but the stake at risk was too valuable to stand on a fine sense of honor.

For all he knew, it might even be a case of life and death.

It was the middle of the week, as we have said, and nine o'clock at night, when the harsh jangle of the street bell gave notice of a visitor.

It was an unseemly hour for callers, and this fact impressed the sound upon Tom's ears in a most unpleasant way.

He was hourly expecting to hear of the arrival of Captain Boone in reference to his own precious self, and probably for that reason his sense of hearing was more acute than it otherwise might have been.

It was a dark and disagreeable sort of night, too.

The wind from the ocean, coming across Boston harbor, howled fitfully around the substantial stone walls of the Revolutionary relict, and sent the water dashing against the outer wall of the yard.

The sky was overcast with rain-laden clouds, and a thin mist palpitated in the air.

All the boys were abed, and all, except Tom, asleep.

"Maybe that's Captain Boone," muttered the wide-awake boy, as the bell jangled once more, impatiently as it seemed. "Well, I'm going to see if it is. He's not going to catch me napping, if I can help it."

So he slipped into a portion of his clothes and stole downstairs like a shadow.

He heard the angry howl of the watchdog as the guardian of the gate muzzled him and tied him up before admitting the caller.

Then the gate was heard to close with a bang, and there was the crunch of a pair of boots on the shell path leading to the house.

Mr. Bentley Wickes was in his editorial sanctum and office when the bell rang, and he went to the entry door to see who his late visitor was.

Maybe he, too, thought it was Captain Boone, for he was expecting him any time now; and it struck him that it would be very like the bluff old sea dog to make his appearance on the scene at an hour unseemly to other people.

Mr. Wickes held a small lamp in his hand, which he sheltered from the night breeze with his disengaged hand.

All this was apparent to Tom, for he was standing in the dark, half way down the basement stairs, with his eager eyes staring straight at Mr. Wickes's back.

"Dr. Hawke!" exclaimed Mr. Wickes, in some surprise. "Is it possible it is you?"

"Most assuredly it is I, Mr. Wickes," said the doctor, a stout, dark-complexioned man of forty, advancing through the gloom.

Tom heard this interchange of salutations, and he, too, wondered what had brought Dr. Hawke to the farm at that hour of the night, and such a night, too.

"I'm afraid it can't mean any good for poor Dick," he muttered.

Mr. Wickes conducted his visitor into his sanctum and closed the door.

"I'm going to find out what's in the wind," said the boy to himself, as he slipped down the rest of the stairs and then ran on tiptoe up the entry.

He came to a pause close to the door of the editorial sanctum, and applied his ear to the keyhole.

"A disagreeable evening," the doctor was remarking.

"You must feel chilly," Mr. Wickes answered, blandly. "I have some prime whiskey in my cupboard here. Shall I mix you a glass?"

"Thanks, Mr. Wickes," replied Dr. Hawke, affably. "I don't care if you do."

Tom heard the master of the house move about the room, and presently there was the tinkling of glasses and other sounds indicative of the preparation of a cold whiskey.



"That isn't bad, by any means," remarked Dr. Hawke, smacking his lips loudly, after swallowing a stiff potation. "Well, how's that stepson of mine?"

"I am afraid Master Rogers is not as strong as when you brought him here," said the proprietor of the establishment, slyly.

"Ah, indeed. What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't think hard work agrees with him. He is rather a delicate boy."

"Any immediate likelihood of his, ahem! hopping the twig, as it were?"

"Hardly. I should imagine he is likely to survive four or five months yet."

Dr. Hawke tapped nervously on the arm of his chair.

"Mr. Wickes," he said, abruptly, "do we understand each other?"

"As for instance?"

"That boy."

"I believe you said he was an obstacle in your way?"

"I did," answered Dr. Hawke, with perfect frankness. "I begin to feel a pressing need for money. I have got to have a considerable sum at once. There is only one way to get it, and that is through that boy. Do you understand?"

Mr. Wickes nodded his head.

"Therefore," continued Dr. Hawke, deliberately, "it is necessary that the boy should die."

"Many die young," breathed Mr. Wickes, rubbing his hands slowly together.

"Very true," said the doctor, impatiently. "Now, I should like your attention for a moment, Mr. Wickes. I have called on you at a rather unusual hour in order to settle this little bit of business. You observe this bottle?"

The physician produced a small, squat-looking blue phial.

Mr. Wickes acknowledged that it was plain to be seen.

"Very good," went on Dr. Hawke. "This bottle contains a few drops of hydrocyanic acid, known also as prussic acid."

"I believe that is a most energetic poison, is it not?" remarked Mr. Wickes.

"It is. There are many active poisons used in materia medica, and this is one of them. It is quite serviceable in those affections of the stomach in which pain is a leading symptom."

"I have heard that it has been frequently employed by suicides on account of the swiftness of its action."

"Quite right. When a large dose of the two per cent. acid has been taken, the symptoms may commence instantaneously, and death result as early as the second minute. The contents of this bottle is much stronger than that. A single drop falling on the tongue of a strong man will cause immediate death, without convulsions, or any other unpleasant symptoms. The person will pass away like a snuffed-out candle."

"I see," replied Mr. Wickes, with a slight shiver. "And you propose——"

"That my stepson shall become acquainted with a drop from this bottle."

"I suppose it's none of my business, but——"

"Well," said Dr. Hawke, coolly, "what were you going to say?"

"I was going to say it looked like—murder."

"Pooh! The boy is going to die anyway. This will expedite matters."

"I don't like the looks of it, that's all."

"Well, you needn't know anything about it."

There was a pause while the two men looked at one another.

Tom had easily heard the whole conversation, and the horror of the peril which faced his poor, lame chum fairly staggered him.

"I never heard of such a diabolical plot," he muttered, with set face and clenched teeth. "By heaven! I will defend Dick with my life, if need be."

"Where do the boys sleep?" asked Dr. Hawke.

"In the attic."

"And what part of the attic should I find Dick if I went up there?"

Mr. Wickes did not immediately answer.

"I would prefer that you didn't go up," he said, finally.

"I see," said Dr. Hawke, showing his teeth unpleasantly.

"You oppose this little experiment of mine, eh?"

"I am not in favor of it."

"Not if I make it worth your while?"

The doctor drew out his pocketbook and took out five yellow-backed bills.

"How does this strike you? Give me five minutes alone in the attic and the bills are yours."

He held the notes enticingly under Mr. Wickes's nose.

At that moment the gate bell jangled again.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN WHICH TOM PREVENTS AN AWFUL CRIME.

The sound of the bell startled Tom Garland away from the door.

He retreated to the foot of the entry stairway, where he awaited further developments.

As he expected, the office door was presently opened and Mr. Wickes stepped out into the entry and unlocked the door leading into the garden.

This time he left the lamp in his sanctum, as he didn't wish to leave his visitor in the dark.

The chained dog outside set up another howl as the watchman went to the gate.

At this moment Tom saw Dr. Hawke come quietly out of the office, and, after a glance in the direction of Mr. Wickes's back, start for the stairway.

That was enough for Garland.

To stay where he was insured discovery.

So he turned about and ran lightly up to the landing above.

He had a pretty shrewd idea that Dr. Hawke was bound for the attic.



That he was taking advantage of the interruption and advent of another visitor to carry out the villainous plan which had brought him to the farm that night.

"I'd like to see the scoundrel attempt it," gritted Tom, between his teeth. "If that isn't the most cold-blooded and cowardly scheme to cover up a murder I ever heard of. It is fortunate for poor Dick I'm on to the game."

Tom hurried on up to the garret.

He would have secured the door against this threatened intrusion had there been any way of doing so.

But there was neither lock nor bolt on the door.

He slipped over to his bed, where Dick was sleeping as calmly as an infant, in the darkness and crouched down under the narrow headboard.

Presently Tom heard the scratch of a match on the landing outside, and saw the flash of light under the closed door of the attic.

Then the door was slowly opened and the boy saw the saturnine countenance of Dr. Hawke peer in.

The match expired in his fingers and darkness reigned once more.

For a moment or two there wasn't a sound but the deep breathing of the sleepers, then Tom heard a swishing noise and another match blazed up.

Dr. Hawke looked searchingly around the room, and his eye lighted upon the solitary lamp provided for the boys to undress by.

It hung from a bracket near the door, and one of the rules of the establishment read that it must be extinguished the moment the last boy was ready to turn in.

At the best it gave out but a dull and uncertain illumination, not unlike the slush lamp in a ship's fore-castle.

Dr. Hawke's claw-like fingers swooped upon this lamp, and removing the dirty chimney he lit the wick.

Replacing the chimney, he started on a tour of the beds, intent on identifying his stepson.

Tom saw that it was only a question of a few minutes before he would reach the bed behind which he was concealed; that he would readily recognize Dick, and that from what he believed would follow a scrap could not be averted.

Dr. Hawke passed from bed to bed, stooping over each one for all the world like some hideous vampire about to pounce upon the unconscious occupant.

He finally reached Dick and Tom's bed, and the concealed boy heard him give a low exclamation of satisfaction as his eyes made out the well-known lineaments of his stepson.

The doctor noticed the rumpled clothes and pillow on the side vacated by Garland, and he looked about him quickly and suspiciously, as if he feared interruption.

Then, as if he had made up his mind to act, and that delay was dangerous, he punched a hole in Tom's pillow to receive the lamp, and immediately took from his pocket the blue glass phial.

Tom had but an imperfect view of what followed, but he had a very clear idea of what the doctor was doing.

Bending down, with eyes that gleamed like those of the

basilisk, Dr. Hawke slowly approached the phial to the lips of the sleeping boy.

His left hand hovered about Dick's mouth, ready to part the shapely teeth and exposed the tip of the tongue that it might receive the fatal drop which meant the extinguishment of his young life.

So intent was Dr. Hawke on accomplishing his deadly purpose that Tom rose unobserved from his crouching position and dealt the villainous physician a powerful blow just behind the ear, which laid him out on the floor almost unconscious.

The bottle flew from his grasp and rolled under one of the other beds.

The lamp was dislodged from its insecure position and turned over on the bed.

Tom grabbed at it just as Dick, awakened suddenly from his sleep, sat upon one elbow.

It eluded his grasp and rolled into the centre of the bed, deluging the coverings with oil.

The chimney slipped off and the flame of the wick ignited the oil-soaked sheets.

In a moment half of the bed was in a blaze, casting a lurid glare around the room.

Dick gave a startled cry, which awoke several of the boys.

The sight of the burning bed clothes frightened them, and two of them yelled "fire," jumped from their beds and made a bee-line for the closed door.

In less than a minute the dormitory was a scene of confusion.

Tom pulled his chum out of bed.

"Get into your clothes—quick!" he said, with imperative earnestness.

The lame boy, ready at all times to obey any command of his new friend, in whom he reposed the most implicit confidence, hastened to do so.

"Help me put out this fire, boys," cried Tom making an effort to smother the blaze.

Billy Dux, Ben Meade and Tommy White rushed to his aid.

The others also drew near, hardly knowing whether or not to fly from the imperiled attic, many of them holding their garments huddled up in their arms.

The sight of Dr. Hawke stretched out upon the floor was another startler for them.

What did it mean?

Who was this bushy-whiskered and well-dressed stranger?

And what was he doing in the attic at that hour of the night?

Though they jabbered to each other on the subject, while they regarded the unconscious intruder askance, they could form no idea on the matter at all.

In the meantime, Tom Garland, with the help of Dux, White and Meade, had managed, at the expense of a few slight blisters, to smother the fire, and darkness once more fell upon the dormitory.

"How do you account for the fire, Tom?" asked Billy Dux, eagerly.



"That's what we want to know," chipped in Tommy White. "And where did that man spring from?"

"And what's the matter with him? What happened to him?" from Ben Meade.

"I've no time to answer your questions, fellows," replied Tom, hurriedly. "Good-by, all of you. Dick and I are off, if we can manage to get away, and we're going to make a big fight for it."

"Going away!" exclaimed the three, in amazement. "Not at this hour of the night!"

"Yes, at this hour of the night. What other time could we have the ghost of a show?"

"Why, how're you goin' to manage it?" asked Billy Dux, in great excitement.

"It's a game of chance," returned Garland. "Come, Dick, follow me," and he reached for his lame friend's cap and pressed it on his head.

"Oh, Tom!" gasped Dick. "We never can escape. Think of the dog."

"Bother the dog!" cried Tom, impatiently. "We shan't meet him."

"Don't be so sure of that!" cried Billy Dux. "Don't you know he's always loose at this time of night?"

"That's a fact," corroborated White. "If you get down to the yard he'll chaw you up as sure as my name is Tommy."

"I'm not going near the yard."

"How are you goin' to get away, then?"

"Come, Dick, follow me. We're going on the roof."

"On the roof!" gasped his hearers in astonishment. "You must be crazy."

Tom turned his back on them impatiently and seized his chum by the arm.

But at that moment the door of the attic was thrown open and Mr. Wickes, lamp in hand, and accompanied by a stocky man with weather-beaten features, appeared at the opening.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN WHICH TOM GARLAND AND DICK ROGERS BID GOOD-BY TO THE INDUSTRIAL FARM.

"What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed Mr. Wickes, throwing up his hands in astonishment. "Why are you all out of your beds?"

His companion, none other than the expected Captain Boone, also regarded the boys with some little surprise.

"And you, Tom Garland—why are you dressed? And, upon my word, if you haven't got your clothes on, too!" looking at Dick Rogers.

It was at this critical juncture that Dr. Hawke recovered his confused senses and sat up.

The eyes of Mr. Wickes at once lighted on him.

"Dr. Hawke—is it possible you are here?"

The physician made no answer, but looked around as if

not exactly comprehending how his discomfiture had come about.

"The place has been on fire," squeaked one of the younger boys in the background.

"On fire!" gasped Mr. Wickes. "I don't understand."

"Look at the bed, sir," chorused several voices.

Mr. Wickes looked and was astounded.

"How did this occur?" he asked, walking over toward the disfigured cot.

Tom and Dick had been greatly taken back by the sudden and unexpected appearance on the scene of Mr. Wickes and his companion, and for the moment even Garland was nonplussed.

All the same, however, his thoughts were busy looking for a loophole through which he might make a break.

Mr. Wickes and Captain Boone, whose identity Tom guessed on account of his saline appearance, were between them and the doorway, and escape seemed to be cut off.

Fortunately, Mr. Wickes never dreamed that Tom and his lame friend meditated a bold break for freedom.

Such a thing would have seemed ridiculous in his eyes had the idea even presented itself to his mind.

It was this absence of suspicion on the part of the boss of the establishment, assisted by the move he made toward the burned bed, thus opening a lane, as it were, between himself and the door, which enabled Tom to act with sudden energy and ultimate success.

"Now's our chance," whispered Garland into Dick's ear.

Grabbing his lame chum firmly by the arm, he started for the door.

Captain Boone's sharp eyes, however, detected the move, and tried to block their way, but the boys were a trifle too quick for him.

They dived under his detaining grasp and slipped out into the entry.

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Wickes, wheeling around and starting for the door.

Suddenly Billy Dux, Ben Meade and Tommy White made a simultaneous rush for the door, too.

It had suddenly occurred to them to make this demonstration in order to distract Mr. Wickes's attention, as well as impede his movements.

Tom, of course, had heard Mr. Wickes's command, but he had no intention of obeying the mandate.

He made direct for the short ladder communicating with the scuttle, which opened on the roof, pulling Dick after him.

"Tom Garland!" said Mr. Wickes, not knowing what to make of this move. "I want you, do you hear?"

We doubt if Tom heard him, for his thoughts were intent only on getting away from the place, and the scuttle was the avenue by which he had long since calculated in effecting this object.

"Tom Garland!" cried Mr. Wickes, again, more severely than before. "Do you hear me? What are you doing? Leave that scuttle alone, I command you."

Tom had sprang up the ladder and unlatched the scuttle flap, and now threw it back on the roof.



"Quick, Dick!" he shouted back to his chum. "Come up."

And Dick obeyed orders just as Mr. Wickes, putting down the lamp, dashed forward to prevent him.

Mr. Wickes, however, did not stop at the foot of the ladder, but followed Dick up.

It would have been better for him if he had not done so, for as soon as Dick cleared the opening, Tom threw the scuttle cover back into its place.

As Mr. Wickes's head was at that moment rising through it in the darkness, the cover struck him a heavy blow on the head, stunning and knocking him down backward the way he had come.

It also happened that Captain Boone, suspecting that the boy he had come after was planning to escape, had followed close behind the head of the house, with the intention of assisting in thwarting Garland's break for freedom.

Therefore, he was in direct line with Mr. Wickes when that individual lost his balance on the ladder and shot downward.

As a consequence he caught the full force of the impact of Mr. Wickes's head and shoulders against his chest and face, and he went down on the floor as though a cannon ball had hit him.

And while the two men were floundering about on the floor of the attic entry, Tom was making his final arrangements to get away from the Industrial Farm.

A day or two before he had persuaded Fanny Wickes to get him a bit of clothes line.

He had taken it up to the roof and left it behind one of the chimneys.

He found it where he had put it.

"How are we ever to get off this roof unless we go back the way we came?" asked the lame boy, puzzled at his companion's movements.

"To do that would certainly mean our capture, wouldn't it?" said Tom, coolly. "I didn't come up here with you just to put ourselves in a trap."

"Well," said Dick, doubtfully, "I can't see how we can get away. That rope you have there isn't of any length at all. It wouldn't reach below the attic windows."

"That's right, it wouldn't," answered Tom.

"Then, I don't understand what you are going to do with it."

"Don't you, little chum? Well, just watch and say nothing. Come this way a bit, till I can feel that big limb of the haunted oak tree alongside the house. It projects over the roof somewhere hereabouts. Ah, here it is. Feel of it."

Dick did so.

"You can't mean to crawl down that in the dark," exclaimed the lame boy, aghast at such a prospect.

"Not exactly," replied Tom. "It wouldn't hold my weight, let alone the two of us. But it will swing us down to the stout limb immediately below which I propose to reach. I'm going to tie you on my back, and then trust to my strength and agility, as well as to the elastic quality of the limb up here. I have figured this all out, days ago, and feel reasonably sure of succeeding, else I should

not attempt the feat. Stand close behind me. That's right," and Tom began to pass the line several times around their united bodies.

"Oh, Tom, if we should fall to the ground we should be killed," faltered the boy.

"If you knew what you have but just escaped you would accept a greater risk than this to get away."

"I don't understand you, Tom," palpitated the lame boy.

"I'll tell you later on. For the present keep cool and hold tight to me. Are you ready, Dick?" he asked, stoutly.

"Yes," answered the boy, with a little shudder.

Garland seized the limb of the oak tree and swung off into space, dragging his companion with him.

They went down like a flash, but in a moment Tom's feet hit the big limb below and they came to a stop.

Cautioning Dick to yield himself entirely to his guidance, Garland released the upper limb, which flew back to its former position, and threw himself forward on his hands and knees.

Taking a good breath he slowly crawled forward in the intense gloom until he reached the trunk of the oak.

Then he crawled out on another branch, which bent down as he advanced until it landed the two boys on top of the spiked wall.

Balancing himself on the wall with the aid of the branch, he loosened and took off the rope which secured Dick behind him.

"Hold on to the limb, Dick, till I knot one end of this line to one of the spikes. That's right. Now kneel down between the spikes here. I'll balance you. Grab the rope and slide down outside."

Paying strict attention to Tom's directions, Dick, with newly born courage, managed to reach the ground on the outside of the wall, where he was joined a moment later by his companion.

"Now let us make tracks before they can discover how we have managed to get away."

As they started off through the darkness a bright light appeared on the roof.

Mr. Wickes, Captain Boone and Dr. Hawke were up there looking around for the fugitives.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN WHICH TOM GARLAND PERFORMS AN HEROIC ACT.

"Where are we going?" asked Tom's companion, and he limped manfully along beside his friend and chum.

"Going?" replied Tom. "I don't know. I really haven't thought about the matter, to tell the honest truth, Dick."

Dick smiled in his patient way and looked up into Garland's face as much as to say he was quite contented to go anywhere his friend went, all he asked was to be with him.

"I had enough on my mind to engineer our escape, so I didn't bother with thinking about what was going to happen to us after we had got away, if we were so fortunate,"



continued Tom. "But don't worry, Dick, we'll manage somehow."

"I'm not worrying," answered the lame boy. "I'm only too happy to be away from that place. It would have killed me had I been forced to remain there a little while longer."

Fearing pursuit and possible recapture if they kept to the public streets, dark and silent even as they were, Tom made a detour which brought them to the tracks of the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn Railroad.

After a short tramp along the ties, Garland, in consideration of his companion's infirmity, proposed to rest for a while.

A little deserted hut not far from the track offered them shelter from the night wind, which swept in from the bay.

It was a gloomy spot, and the mournful dirge of the waters not far away saluted their ears with a ceaseless cadence.

Before they were ready to continue on their way the rain began to fall with a steady persistence which argued against any let up much before morning.

"I'm afraid we'll have to stay here some time, Dick," said Tom, after he had looked outside and sized up the state of the weather.

"Well," replied the lame boy, in a tone of resignation, "what's the difference? We are bound for nowhere."

"Practically, we're bound for Boston proper, that is, if we can raise the price to compensate the ferry company for taking us across the river," said Tom, with a grin, which was lost in the darkness.

"And when we get there, what then?"

"I give it up, Dick. Ask me something easier."

"Then I'll ask you now what you meant by your remark on the roof of the Industrial Farm building, that if I only knew what I had just escaped I would be willing to take a greater risk to escape than the peril we were facing at the moment."

"I almost hate to tell you, Dick," replied Tom, gravely. "It's bound to jar your ideas of human nature."

"In what way?" asked the lame boy, with some curiosity.

"What I am about to tell you seems really incredible. If I hadn't overheard the scheme and actually caught the villain in the very act myself I think I would have some doubts myself of the story if repeated from the lips of another party. But I am sorry to say, Dick, I have it on the best evidence in the world that your stepfather, Dr. Hawke, is a heartless scoundrel."

"Tom!" gasped the lame boy, clutching his companion's arm.

"Let me tell you all I know, and then you can draw your own conclusions."

Whereupon Tom told him what had occurred that evening in reference to the doctor's attempt on Dick's life.

The boy listened with open mouth and dilated eyes, and when Tom had concluded he broke out into a hysterical fit of weeping.

The recital, from the lips of a friend he couldn't doubt, had been a terrible shock to him.

"How could he wish to do such a crime? Oh, how could he?" moaned the boy.

"There are men in this world so morally depraved that they will do anything for money," said Tom, and as he spoke he couldn't help thinking that his own uncle was a bird of the same feather.

"But Dr. Hawke handles my money now," said Dick, plaintively.

"In what shape is your property?" asked Tom.

"Mostly in registered United States bonds."

"Then your stepfather can only get hold of the interest, semi-annually. What he wants evidently are the bonds themselves. In the case of your death, who was to get them?"

"My mother."

"And your mother is dead."

"Yes," replied Dick, sadly.

"Well, I don't know how such things might be managed, but I am sure Dr. Hawke had his plans laid so that he expects to corral your money if you should happen to die. If such a thing wasn't possible he would have no object in putting you out of the way."

"It is a terrible thing to think of."

"Don't say a word. Let me tell you about my respected relative, Uncle Sleek, with whom I lived ever since my own mother died, two years ago, until he got it into his head to send me to the Farm."

Tom then proceeded to tell Dick what he had overheard in the parlor of the Industrial Farm on the afternoon he took Fanny Wickes to the matinee.

"Now, what do you think of that? The only difference between you and I is that the object is apparent in your case, while in mine I can only surmise that something has cropped up of late in my favor which my relative proposes to corner for his own especial benefit. However, it's bound to come out in time, I dare say, and when I do learn something about it I won't do a thing with Mr. Aminadab Sleek, bet your life!"

"Isn't it funny that we two should happen to come together?" said Dick.

"Stranger things than that happen every day in this world," answered Tom.

"Now that we're both cast out on the world, I'm afraid I shall be a drag on you," said the lame boy, sorrowfully. "I would rather die than hurt your prospects, Tom," he added, earnestly, though his pale lips quivered and his thin hands trembled as he pictured a possible parting between himself and the chum of his heart.

"Dick, you almost make me laugh," replied Garland, cheerfully. "We've sworn to be friends and chums till death, haven't we? Well, that goes. I'm strong enough to look out for you until you can get something to do that will not overtax your strength. We've only got a few pennies between us, it is true, but where there's a will to get more there's always a way to reach them. That's my slogan, old chap, and don't you overlook it for one moment."



"Ah, Tom!" cried the lame boy, gratefully, "I don't think there's another boy like you in this world."

"Don't you? Why, how silly you talk! There's oceans of them, chum. Every real true American boy will stand by a comrade to the limit."

"Hark! How it rains!" murmured Dick, after a short pause.

"I'm glad of it."

"Glad of it?" said Dick, in some astonishment.

"Sure. It will clear up all the sooner. If there's one thing I hate it's this continuous performance drizzle. I like to hear it pelt away as it does on the roof of this shanty now. It'll get tired by and by and clear off. I'll bet it will be a fine day to-morrow."

"I hope it will."

"You can gamble on it, chum. Now I'll tell you what we'll do—just finish out our night's sleep right here. No one will interrupt us, and we'll need to be half-way fresh in the morning for we probably will have something of a tramp before we round up anything worth our while."

There was some straw in the hut, so the boys made themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and within fifteen minutes nature asserted itself and they slept the sleep of the weary.

The morning sun, glistening across the now placid waters of Boston bay, shone into the hovel at six o'clock on the next morning, and, falling on the faces of the two boys, awoke them to the realization that a new day was before them.

They got up, stretched themselves and brushed the wisps of straw from their clothes.

"Well, Dick, how do you feel after a rough-house night?" asked Tom, cheerily.

"I'm not complaining," replied the lame boy.

"Glad to hear it. Now let's count our capital and see what we can afford for breakfast, for I'm bound to say I feel as if a square meal would sit nicely on my stomach."

Dick handed over the few coins he had managed to save during his stay at the farm, and Tom added them to his own slender pile.

"The sum total is exactly fifty-four cents," he announced. "I'm going to blow in every bit on our breakfast and ferry tickets. That'll land us broke in the old town of Boston, where we're going to trust to luck to do the right thing by us."

Tom was as good as his word, and the two boys filled in on ham and eggs and coffee, which made them feel several hundred per cent. better.

Then after a careful survey of the ferry slip and its approaches, lest their enemies be hiding in the background, ready to pounce down upon them for the purpose of yanking them back in disgrace to the Farm, they dashed on board the boat and in a little while they stepped ashore on the other side, feeling like birds, as Tom expressed it, in spite of the fact that they were flat broke and hadn't the least idea where their next meal and bed were coming from.

"If I had a cent I'd buy the paper and look up a job," said Tom, cheerfully, as they started up the street from

the ferry, "but as I haven't I must wait an opportunity of some kind to get sight of some paper."

The boys walked slowly along on the sunny side, occasionally gazing into the windows of the stores.

In the course of an hour they drew near to the large retail dry goods district.

Suddenly, just as they were turning an adjacent corner, the wild, agonized scream of a woman rang out on the morning air, above the uproar of traffic.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tom. "What's up now?"

The boys, in common with a score of persons passing up and down the walk, looked toward the curb.

A frantic, handsomely dressed lady was standing a few feet out on the cobbles, her hands thrown helplessly aloft and shrieking:

"My child! Oh, heaven! My darling will be killed! Save—oh, save her!"

"Great Caesar! Look, Dick, look!"

The sight that met their startled gaze was one well calculated to thrill them both.

A humming electric car was bearing down upon a little girl in the act of dropping a coin into the slot in the centre of the track.

Quick as a flash Garland sprang forward and tore the child from her perilous situation.

And he didn't have the fraction of a moment to spare, either, for the car, as it shot by, just grazed his left leg as he left the track.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LUCKY PENNY.

The impetus his body had acquired, as well as the weight of the little girl, sent Tom Garland staggering toward the opposite curb, and he would have pitched forward on to the sidewalk but a stalwart spectator grabbed him as he was falling.

"By George!" exclaimed the gentleman, admiringly, as Tom recovered his equilibrium, "that was the nerviest act I ever saw. Young man, you deserve a medal."

The child's eyes rested in startled wonder on her rescuer's face.

She hadn't uttered a cry, and still clutched the coin, a bright, new penny, in her chubby fist.

Naturally, a crowd began to collect around Garland.

A few of these people had seen the gallant rescue.

Most of them hadn't, and wanted to know what the excitement was about.

Quite a number of persons were also craning their necks out of neighboring windows, for the woman's scream had attracted general attention.

So far not a policeman had turned up.

It seems generally the case that when anything out of the ordinary occurs the police officer happens to be at the other end of his beat.



Of course it isn't the policeman's fault—he can't be everywhere at once.

Tom Garland found himself the object of much curiosity.

He rather resented this attention on the part of the public.

He began to realize that he had performed a remarkable feat—that he had saved a little human life by ready wit and fearlessness.

But he thought this was something which concerned the mother of the child rather than the curious throng of spectators, whose increasing numbers kept her from learning that her dear one had escape absolutely uninjured.

Finally a lane was made for the lady, closely followed by Dick Rogers, to reach the spot where Tom stood, holding the little girl in his arms.

The child had now missed its mother, the staring people frightened her, and she started to cry.

"My darling!" cried the woman, hysterically, pushing her way toward her. "You are not hurt, are you?"

"No, ma'am," answered Tom, reaching forward and passing the little girl into her arms. "She's all right."

The mother, of course, clasped her precious one to her breast, and kissed and sobbed over her as mothers naturally will do under the circumstances.

"Come, Dick, let's get a move on," said Tom, as soon as his lame chum had reached his side.

As they made a start to elbow their way out of the mob, the lady woke up to the fact that she had not thanked the brave boy for saving her child.

"I can't express how grateful I am to you for what you have done for my child," she said to Tom, detaining him by the arm.

"Don't mention it, ma'am; I am sufficiently repaid in knowing that I was instrumental in preventing a tragedy."

"You will let me know your name, won't you?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly; but you will permit me to escort you out of this crowd first."

The lady was most willing for him to do that.

Fortunately, the belated policeman now turned up, and as it was his duty to inquire into the cause of the blockade on a public thoroughfare, he began to scatter the crowd to make a pathway for himself.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired of Tom.

Of course, the mob closed in again, if anything, thicker than ever, for the cop was tall, and his head above the centre of the crowd was a potent magnet to draw many new arrivals.

"I'll tell you all about it if you'll only get us away from here."

"Stand back there, please!" cried the officer. "Make a lane."

He led the way and drew the objects of all the attention out of the assemblage and into a jewelry establishment close by.

The mob, however, was not to be eluded entirely.

They gathered about the doorway of the store, and in

front of the show-window, and satisfied their curiosity as best they could at a respectful distance.

The officer took out his notebook and Tom detailed in a few words what had happened.

"What is your name?" asked the policeman.

"Tom Garland."

"Residence?"

That floored the boy.

Not till that moment did he realize the advantage of even a temporary abiding place.

He felt that he was in a suspicious position.

The cop looked at him very hard when he observed a hesitation on the part of the boy to answer.

Finally, on the spur of the moment, he decided to give the street and number of his late home at Mr. Sleek's, and did so.

The officer then took the lady's name and address.

That wound up the official formula, and the policeman went outside and busied himself scattering the crowd.

"Promise me you will call at my home soon, Mr. Garland," said the lady, whose name was Rockwell, taking a card from her pocketbook and offering it to the boy.

"If I remain in Boston I will do so with pleasure," replied Tom, politely.

"You think of leaving the city, then?" she asked.

"I have not yet made up my mind what I shall do."

"At least I will expect you to call before you go," she said, earnestly.

"I will try to, Mrs. Rockwell."

"My husband will certainly desire to meet you. He will be much disappointed should you fail to do so."

Tom bowed.

"Say good-by to the brave young gentleman who saved your life, dear," said the lady to the child. "This is my little daughter May."

"Good-by, May," said Tom, offering his hand.

"Dood-by. Oo is a nice boy."

She held out the closed fist which held the penny, the innocent cause of all the trouble, and as Garland took it in his own, she opened her fingers and let the coin fall into his hand.

"May dives dis to oo," she said, with a cute smile.

Then she and her mother left the store.

"Here is my reward," grinned Tom, as he held up the bright cent for Dick to see.

"I hope it will bring you luck," said Dick.

"We need a little of that article badly enough just now."

"I should think we did, Tom."

"Well, Dick, shall I invest it in a morning paper?"

"That would be the end of it," replied the lame boy, regretfully.

"That's right. But if there is any luck in the penny I ought to find a situation through the 'Help Wanted' column."

"I think you ought to keep the penny as a souvenir of your thrilling experience of the morning."

"The state of our finances won't permit us to keep such an expensive souvenir as a penny, when it will purchase a



newspaper, one of whose advertisements might point the way to fortune," said Tom, with a grin.

"It's your penny to do as you like with," replied Dick, with a longing glance at the bright piece which Tom held in his fingers.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Garland, as an idea struck him, "I'll toss up the penny. Heads it goes for a paper, tails it does not."

"Well," said the lame boy, then he added: "I hope it comes down tails."

Tom flipped the coin.

The morning sun sparkled on it as it came down, struck the pavement and then rolled a yard away into the gutter.

"What do you think it is?" asked Tom, as they moved toward it.

"Let me see!" cried Dick, quickening his pace.

"All right, but you mustn't cheat, remember."

"I won't," returned the lame boy.

He stooped down and extended his little thin hand to pick it up.

Then he uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Look, Dick, look!" he cried, pointing.

"What's the matter, chum?"

Tom bent down to see what had attracted Dick's attention and excited him.

The penny lay tail up on a dirty, rumpled \$5 bill.

The boy didn't lose a moment in picking up both penny and note.

"Five dollars!" he ejaculated. "Well, this is luck for fair."

"Didn't I say that penny ought to bring you good luck, and it has!" cried Dick, in great delight. "Now you can buy a paper and still keep the penny as a souvenir."

"Sure I can. Dick, old chappie, we don't need to go hungry to-day, as I had a suspicion we might be obliged to do; nor need we hunt up a lumberyard in which to stow our weary limbs after dark. Before this has been spent I ought to be able to find a job."

At a neighboring corner Tom purchased a copy of a morning daily and immediately proceeded to look up the "Help Wanted" advertisements.

He picked out half a dozen places, the duties of which, as outlined, he believed he was competent to perform.

"Now, lucky penny," he addressed the bright coin, "I look to you for a job."

Slipping it into his vest pocket, the two boys started on their quest.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE LUCKY PENNY PROVES ITS RIGHT TO THAT TITLE.

The first place they struck was on Devonshire Street, and they found the position had been filled two hours before.

The next place they looked up was on a short street called Elm, which ran into Hanover Street.

"Nothing doing," said Tom, when he rejoined his chum outside, after making an unsuccessful application.

Tom's third attempt to get a job was made at the corner of Fleet and Hanover streets, and he was too late again.

"I guess I'm not in it to-day, Dick," he said, with his customary cheerfulness. "Let's go in here and have something to eat, it's one o'clock."

They entered a small oyster and chop-house and ordered a cup of coffee and a plate of raw oysters on the half shell apiece.

"Hello," said Tom, as he was in the act of swallowing his last oyster, "what's this?" and he peered into the shell. "Why, if it isn't a pearl, and it looks to be a fine one at that."

He detached it and passed it over to his companion.

It was undoubtedly a very fine specimen, and quite big.

"This is a larger pearl than the one my mother had in a ring, for which my father gave \$75," said Dick, as he returned it to his friend. "It ought to be worth \$100, properly mounted."

"At that rate we ought to be able to get \$50 for it as it stands," said Tom, eagerly.

"It wouldn't be too much to ask for it," replied Dick.

"Gee! What a piece of luck! If the boss of this shop knew we had found such a prize in one of his oysters he'd have a fit."

"Wouldn't he!" grinned Dick. "This meal has been a good investment."

Tom put the pearl carefully away in one of the pockets of his vest.

"I've got one more advertisement in my pocket," said Tom, after they had walked a block. "I don't know whether there's any use going there now. Jobs are generally snapped up early in the morning. The early bird catches the worm, you know."

He pulled the slip out of his vest pocket, and as he did so something dropped on the walk.

"There goes my lucky penny," he cried to Dick. "Stop it."

The bright coin, however, had rolled out of the lame boy's reach.

He made a futile grab at it as it disappeared through the bars of an iron grating.

"There goes my run of luck," said Tom, in a vexed tone.

We don't say he was superstitious, but somehow or another, owing to the remarkable way the penny had come into his possession, and the manner in which it had brought him a \$5 bill, not to speak of the finding of a valuable pearl in a common oyster shell, while the coin was in his possession, he had come to regard it, just as some people do a rabbit's foot—as a lucky fetish.

"There it is," said Dick, as they stood on the edge of the grating, and he pointed at a shining object down among the rubbish, which had accumulated below.

"I wonder how we can get at it?" considered Tom, who was anxious to repossess himself of the coin. "This shop is vacant."

There was a mutilated sign "To Let" pasted on the window, and from its mildewed appearance, as well as the amount of dirt which had gathered on the glass, the boys



judged the shop had been looking for a tenant for many months.

"I'm afraid that's the last of my lucky penny," said Tom, regretfully.

"Too bad, isn't it?" replied Dick, who shared in his companion's concern for the lost coin.

Tom mechanically tried the shop door.

The knob turned in his grasp and the door opened an inch.

"Hello!" exclaimed Garland, "the door is open."

The hinges were so rusty and stiff that the door yielded only after some force was applied.

Once inside the dust-begrimed shop the boys lost no time in going to the rear, where they expected to find an avenue to the basement.

They were not disappointed.

A rickety stairway enabled them to reach the gloomy regions below.

Picking their way over a lot of debris, the accumulations discarded by the former tenant, they reached the small opening directly under the grating.

Tom looked through and saw that the penny was within his reach.

It rested upon a dirty-looking object imbedded in a mass of ruck.

As Tom's fingers closed about the precious penny, he dislodged the object on which it reposed.

"Gee! That looks uncommonly like a pocketbook," he muttered.

"Have you got it?" asked Dick, in an interested tone.

"Sure I have, and I've hooked something else with it."

He pulled up the sodden object, and sure enough it was a pocketbook.

"Wait till we get up in the store where there's more light and we'll see if there's anything in it."

With doubtful anticipation, Tom carefully opened the flap of the pocketbook close to the front window.

"Money!" almost shrieked Dick, in great excitement, as a fat wad of bills was disclosed.

Tom was too astonished to speak.

He simply stood there and stared at the damp roll as if he was dreaming.

"How much is there?" cried Dick, waking him up to the fact that this was the real thing he had in his hands.

"Great hornspoons!" ejaculated Tom, "what are we up against, anyway?"

"Why don't you count it?" said Dick, hardly able to control himself.

Tom took out the money and counted it in a gingerly way, as if he was afraid it would go to pieces in his fingers, or otherwise disappear.

"Well?" asked the lame boy, impatiently. "How much?"

"Nine hundred dollars."

"And it belongs to us!" cried Dick, trying to cut a caper on the floor.

Tom looked through the pocketbook for anything else, but there was nothing but the money.

"Yes," said Garland, slowly, "I guess it belongs to us, all right."

"What's the matter with your lucky penny now?" cried Dick, in delight. "If this sort of thing keeps on for a week you'll be able to buy a bank, won't you?"

"It is certainly remarkable," answered Tom, pulling out his bright penny and looking at it almost in awe. "Puts me in mind of that story of Aladdin's Lamp in the Arabian Nights. The idea of that cent jumping out of my vest pocket and running down into that grating and alighting on top of this old dirty pocketbook, which has been lying there for months from the look of it, just as if it knew the thing was there. You might almost believe the penny was alive."

"No use bothering about that job to-day, Tom, after this windfall."

"Well, I guess not. We'll go and hunt up a boarding house."

Tom concluded that the Charlestown district would suit them for the present, so they caught a car which carried them across one of the bridges and up into a neighborhood where they shortly secured board and lodging, with a nice little old lady in a quiet, shady street.

Taking immediate possession of their room, the first thing Tom did was to spread the money out on the table to air and dry out thoroughly, as fast as he separated the bills—an operation which required much care and sometimes ingenuity to avoid tearing them in pieces.

"You'll put this in a bank, won't you?" said Dick, surveying the spread with a great deal of satisfaction.

"That's the place for so much money as this," nodded Tom. "We can afford to treat ourselves to some new clothes, and many things we actually need."

By the time they were called to supper the money was in good shape to be folded into a wad again, and Tom hid it under the mattress of the bed.

That evening the two boys visited a furnishing store and purchased a complete outfit for themselves, including a couple of valises.

"We are now out of the category of the tramps, chum," said Tom, with a grin, as they were carrying their purchases back to their boarding place.

"Thanks to your lucky penny," replied Dick.

"That's right," assented Garland. "It has proved itself a fortunate talisman."

## CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH TOM AND DICK SPEND A VERY PLEASANT EVENING AT THE ROCKWELL HOME.

Next morning's papers had the story of Tom Garland's thrilling rescue of little May Rockwell from in front of the Tremont Street electric car.

The reporters had got their information from the police blotter, from a couple of eye-witnesses of the occurrence, and, in one case, from an interview with Mrs. Rockwell at her home.

"Now, what do you think of that?" said Tom, handing



a copy of one of the dailies to his lame friend after he had read the story himself. "Wouldn't that give a fellow the swelled head?"

Dick grinned with delight as he glanced over it.

The reporter had highly praised the courage displayed by Garland.

After breakfast the boys left the house together.

"Mr. Sleek is sure to try and look me up," said Tom; "but I don't think he'll get much of a clew from the newspapers. All I'm afraid of is that Mr. Wickes will put the police on our track. If we should happen to be caught we must demand to be taken before a magistrate. Then we'll divulge a few points about the Industrial Farm, and also a few facts about your stepfather's and my uncle's amiable intentions toward us that ought to raise a breeze about their ears."

"We ought to have some friend to stand by us," suggested Dick. "I think you ought to call on Mrs. Rockwell, and take her into your confidence. After what you did for May I'll bet Mr. Rockwell will see we're not taken back to the farm again."

"Your suggestion is good," admitted Tom. "Let me see where the Rockwells live. I've got Mrs. Rockwell's card somewhere in my clothes."

Tom found it where he had put it.

"They live in East Cambridge," he said, after consulting the card. "We'll go over there this afternoon."

"What are we going to do with ourselves this morning?"

"Let's walk down to the Navy Yard."

Of course, Dick was willing to go anywhere Tom suggested, so they turned their steps that way.

About eleven o'clock they went to the Charlestown Savings Bank and Tom deposited the greater part of the \$900.

Then they returned to their lodgings and had lunch.

At one o'clock they started out again, their ultimate destination being East Cambridge.

They crossed over to Boston proper by the Charles River bridge, walked up Charlestown Street, cut across by way of Traverse to Merrimac Street, thence along Pitts to Cambridge Street, down which they sauntered to the West Boston bridge, which they crossed.

It was four o'clock when Tom rang the bell at the Rockwell home.

They were ushered into the parlor by the servant, who then carried their names upstairs to Mrs. Rockwell.

It is needless to say that the boys received a warm welcome, and the lady of the house would take no denial but they must stay to dinner and meet Mr. Rockwell, who was extremely anxious to make Tom Garland's acquaintance.

Little May was out walking with Mrs. Rockwell's niece, Miss Amy Dent.

As soon as they came in they were called into the parlor and the boys were presented to Miss Dent, a very charming girl of fifteen, to whom Tom took an immediate fancy, and the feeling seemed to be mutual.

Amy was naturally predisposed in the boy's favor by reason of his courageous rescue of her little cousin, of whom she was extremely fond.

But when she saw Tom's handsome face and sturdy figure, not to speak of his fascinating manner, she was quite captivated, and she thought Tom the nicest boy she had ever met.

Our young hero was evidently as much impressed by the pretty Amy.

She was vivacious and attractive, not in the least diffident, and her powers of conversation were above the common.

Then she could play the piano and the mandolin with an ease, grace and perfection that caused Tom to whisper to his lame chum:

"Isn't she a peach, Dick?"

And Dick agreed she was a whole basket full.

In due time Mr. Rockwell came home, and the boys were introduced to him.

He was a tall, fine-looking gentleman of forty, and he was most favorably impressed with Tom Garland.

He thanked the lad with much feeling for saving his little daughter, and said he hoped they would be good friends.

After dinner he took the two boys into his library and asked Tom if he couldn't do something for him.

"I am under such obligations to you, my dear boy, that I shan't feel thoroughly satisfied until I have made some slight return for the great favor you have conferred upon us by your heroic conduct. I am aware that I could not pay you for what you have done. My little daughter's life is quite beyond anything like a pecuniary reward, and I am sure you would feel offended if I were to make any such offer to you. But there are other ways by which I, as well as my wife, may testify our gratitude."

"Well, Mr. Rockwell," began Tom, "if you will allow me to explain the peculiar position in which I and my chum here have suddenly found ourselves, you will perhaps see a way to even up the obligation you feel under to myself."

"I shall be very glad to hear what you have to say," said Mr. Rockwell, a bit surprised at Tom's manner, which seemed to savor of a spice of mystery, or at least something out of the ordinary.

Then the boy told him his story—how his father had died many years before; how his mother's death subsequently had thrown him under the guardianship of his uncle Aminadab Sleek, apparently one of Boston's most respectable citizens; how Mr. Sleek had treated him very well for awhile, but lately had, for no apparent reason at the time, sent him to the Industrial Farm, whose internal workings the boy described in such graphic language as to amaze his listener, and then capped his narrative with the startling interview, showing Mr. Sleek's unfriendly intentions which Tom had been an unseen witness to in the parlor of Mr. Wickes's house.

Mr. Rockwell's astonishment was so great that for a few minutes after Garland had concluded his story he remained silent.

"My dear boy," he then said. "I should be inclined to doubt in some degree the absolute truth of your tale were it not that I can read truth and honesty in your face. It



seems incredible that a gentleman of the standing you ascribe to your uncle should adopt such a singular course toward you, his nearest living relative. Evidently he has some potent reasons for his singular conduct. It is very fortunate that you have discovered his true colors before it was too late. If you wish me to take up the cudgel in your behalf I will gladly do so. I will employ a reliable person to investigate your uncle, with the view of finding out what his object is in wishing to get rid of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Rockwell. I think it but right that something ought to be done in the matter. I hope I may rely upon your protection, if it be necessary, should my uncle locate me and use force to try to make me go to sea with this Captain Boone. I have no desire at all to take a voyage anywhere under the thumb of such a person."

"You may rely on me, Garland, in every respect to stand your friend."

"I am obliged to you, sir, and now I will tell you the story of my chum, Dick. The climax in his case is much more unnatural than mine."

Whereupon Tom gave an outline of Dick's history, as he had had it from the lame boy himself, and wound up with the villainous attempt made by Dr. Hawke on the lad's life.

"What a rascal that doctor must be!" exclaimed Mr. Rockwell, with a glow of indignation.

"It is pretty rough on my little chum," said Tom, earnestly.

"One reads of such things in novels, but in actual life—well, the man ought to be arrested and sent to prison for the term of his natural life."

"That's right, sir; but while I am ready to go on the witness-stand and swear to the truth of all I have told you about this Dr. Hawke, it is impossible that my story can be corroborated unless Mr. Wickes could be made to testify against the doctor, which isn't likely, I am afraid."

"That remains to be seen," remarked Mr. Rockwell. "For the present it will be well to keep our young friend out of his stepfather's reach."

"My idea exactly. I would like to pay his way in a good private academy, not too far away, where he would be well taken care of and instructed in the higher branches for which he has a craving."

"Why, Tom," exclaimed Dick, in surprise, "I don't want to leave you."

Mr. Rockwell smiled at the lame boy's earnest objection to part from his chum.

"If Garland can afford it, or will permit me to assist him in the matter, I think his plan with regard to your immediate future is the best that could be adopted. Your stepfather is probably even now hunting for you in order to achieve the object frustrated by your companion, and it certainly would be a great pity if he succeeded before we can bring the law to work against him."

"I have nearly \$900 I can devote to this object," said the generous-hearted boy, who then proceeded to give Mr. Rockwell the history of his lucky penny.

The gentleman laughed heartily at the story, congratu-

lated Tom on his find, and then expressed a desire to see the pearl.

"I am in the wholesale jewelry business. If your pearl is of value I will take it off your hands."

Tom produced the pearl, and Mr. Rockwell examined it with great interest.

"It is an uncommonly fine specimen. I will give you \$300 for it."

"Is it worth so much as that?" asked the boy in surprise.

"I am putting the full wholesale value on it," said Mr. Rockwell. "The retailer will undoubtedly add \$50 to that figure."

"It's yours, Mr. Rockwell," said Tom, delighted with the price. "I shall have no difficulty at all now in providing for Dick."

The lame boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall be sorry to have to leave you, Tom," he said, feelingly; "but whatever you wish me to do I will not fight against."

"You two are a small edition of Damon and Pythias," smiled Mr. Rockwell, his respect and admiration for Garland rising several notches.

"I dare say we are, sir. We have promised one another to be friends and chums until death."

"True friendship is a rare article," said the jeweler. "Most people in this world go on the principle that they must do their neighbors lest their neighbors do them. I trust the rising generation will display a more Christian feeling. It is certainly refreshing to see a real friendship between two boys. And now, Garland, what are your plans with respect to making a living?"

"I haven't yet made up my mind on that subject."

"Then, let me assist you. Come into my business—not as a clerk, but as an outside salesman. If you are as smart as I judge you to be it will be but a question of time before you are independently situated."

"I thank you for your kind offer, Mr. Rockwell, and will gladly accept."

"Good. There is my address. I shall expect to see you to-morrow morning, and it will give me sincere pleasure to start you on the road to success."

"And may I hope you will interest yourself in placing Dick in a school, at my expense?"

"Certainly. I will attend to the matter at once."

That ended the interview, and the rest of the evening was spent by the boys in the private sitting-room upstairs, where they were entertained by Amy Bent on the mandolin.

"She sings like a bird, doesn't she, Dick?" said the delighted Tom, after they had left the house.

"Yes," said the lame boy, gently, "and some day you'll like her more than me."

### CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH TOM ASCRIBES ALL HIS GOOD FORTUNE TO THE LUCKY PENNY.

Next morning Tom left Dick to amuse himself with an interesting book, and crossed over to the business section of Boston.



He found Mr. Rockwell's wholesale jewelry establishment without any trouble, for Tom was thoroughly familiar with the city of his birth, and presented himself before his new employer.

"I am going to send you out on short trips in this neighborhood—to Lynn, Salem, Marblehead, Newburyport, etc. I will give you both a salary and a commission, and every facility to get on, as I am interested in your success."

"You are very kind," replied Tom, gratefully.

"Not at all. The obligation is entirely on my side. I will now introduce you to my manager, who will give you instructions in our prices and methods, and such pointers as he may deem necessary. These little trips will break you into the business, give you the confidence necessary to undertake more extensive journeys, and broaden your views of life and business generally."

Then he took Tom into a smaller office and made him acquainted with Mr. Small, the gentleman who supervised the details of his extensive jewelry business.

Mr. Rockwell had already spoken to his manager about Garland.

Mr. Small therefore expressed the pleasure he felt in making the boy's acquaintance, and he lost no time in taking Tom in hand and instructing him in the mysterious hieroglyphics representing the prices of the stock of samples the lad was expected to carry with him.

After that he devoted much time to instructing Tom in many little tricks of the trade; told him how he ought to approach people in trying to make a sale, and how he should conduct himself generally in order to achieve the best results as a successful salesman.

After lunch Tom left the store with his sample case in his hand, en route for the little city of Lynn, about eleven miles from Boston.

He took a train at the Eastern depot, and in a very short time stepped out of the car at his destination.

He had the addresses of the principal jewelers in the town.

Entering the first store, he introduced himself in a pleasant, breezy way, that was second nature with him, and asked permission to display his samples.

As this jeweler was accustomed to do business with Mr. Rockwell, Tom found it easy to interest the proprietor in his wares, and before he left had sold him quite a little bill.

It was, therefore, with additional confidence that he struck the next store.

This man, whose name was Benson, had never purchased of the Rockwell house, and wasn't disposed to do so.

He was generally regarded as a crank by the trade.

There was only one salesman in the jewelry line who was able to sell him goods, and Benson was accustomed to wait till this drummer showed up.

It happened that this particular salesman was way behind his time, and his customer was getting impatient.

Still, for all that, Benson wouldn't buy from representatives of other houses who dropped in to see him on general principles, though without great expectations.

Garland, being a new man, wasn't aware of the eccentricities of this Lynn jeweler.

He entered his store, hoping and really expecting to make a sale.

The jeweler happened to be in a bad humor, having missed a good sale because he was out of what his customer desired, so when Tom announced his mission he jumped on the boy like a savage, and said a great many unpleasant things.

Tom was greatly taken aback, but his good humor did not fail him, and he treated the angry man with such politeness and consideration that the jeweler was impressed, and suddenly asked to see the boy's samples after he had restrapped his case again.

Garland didn't lose a moment in spreading them before him.

"I s'pose you think I'm a crank," snorted Benson, grimly.

"Not at all," answered Tom, pleasantly, and then he began to call the jeweler's attention to some particularly fine pearls he had.

"I'm going to look at your samples, young man, but I don't think I'll buy anything from you. I get all my goods from Ship, Junk & Co., and they're good enough for me."

"That makes no difference. I shall be glad to show you what I have, whether you intend to buy or not."

"You're new at the business, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, cheerfully.

"I thought so," sneered the Lynn man. "Otherwise you wouldn't waste your time on me."

"I'm afraid you misjudge me, sir; I don't think I am wasting my time affording you the opportunity to see some of the finest gems and settings in the Boston market."

"Huh!" said Benson, looking at the boy askance.

Then he began to examine his line of samples carefully.

After he had gone all over them and used up the better part of an hour of Tom's time, he said, shortly:

"I guess I don't want anything."

"Very well," replied Garland, just as pleasantly as though he had sold him a thousand dollars' worth, restrapping his case again. "Sorry there is nothing here that attracts your eye. I will call another time."

"Hold on!" cried Benson, as Tom wished him a cheery good afternoon. "Just open your case again, will you?"

"Certainly, sir."

Up went the case again on the table, the straps were removed and Tom asked him what particular tray he wished to see.

Benson went over every one again, making selections here and there, and when Tom made out his list, Benson owed him over \$2,000, which he immediately paid by check.

It was a signal victory for the boy, though he didn't know it till he returned to Boston late in the day and turned in his account.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Small, looking at the Benson check in astonishment. "Is it possible you've sold that man over \$2,000 worth of our goods?"

"Yes, sir; why not?" asked Tom, innocently.



"Why not?" echoed Mr. Small. "There isn't a man in the business that has been able to sell him a dollar's worth of stuff outside of Jake Hastings, of Ship, Junk & Co., for the last ten years to my certain knowledge. How did you do it?"

Tom told his story.

"Well, you're a wonder! You must have hypnotized him."

"I'm afraid that isn't in my line," said Tom.

"I'm thinking Mr. Rockwell will have a fit when he sees that check in the morning."

"Isn't it good?" asked Tom, beginning to feel alarmed.

"Good! Why, of course it's good. Good as gold. I meant to say that Mr. Rockwell will be astonished at your luck."

"Maybe it was my lucky penny did it. I have it in my pocket."

"What do you mean by your lucky penny?" asked Mr. Small, curiously.

Tom gave him the history of the bright penny he had received from May Rockwell.

Mr. Small gave a low, amused whistle.

"You have certainly been lucky since you got it; but do you really ascribe your good fortune to that penny? Come, now, you're not as superstitious as all that, are you?"

"What do you think, sir?"

"I think it simply a coincidence."

"Perhaps it is. But somehow I like to associate my run of luck to the penny. I hadn't a cent in this world when little May dropped it in my hand. Since I got it everything has prospered with me. It may be superstition, but it kind of gives me confidence."

"If that is so, you'd better hold on to it by all means."

And with that Mr. Small wished him good night.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH TOM ENGAGES IN A SPECULATION IN BOXWOOD.

Mr. Rockwell did not fail to keep his word with respect to Dick Rogers.

He found a suitable school at some little distance from Boston, where the lame boy would receive the best of care and a good education in the branches to which he aspired.

Tom assured his little chum that he would call to see him as often as business permitted, and with that Dick was content.

Garland gradually extended his travels in the interest of Mr. Rockwell until he covered the whole of New England.

By this time, six months after he had been introduced into the business, he was pronounced by Mr. Small to be one of their most promising salesmen.

His salary had been advanced voluntarily by Mr. Rockwell, and his commissions amounted to a very tidy sum right along.

Tom did not smoke nor use tobacco in any way, neither did he drink, though the temptation to do so was constantly before him.

He was continually meeting other drummers with whom he naturally became acquainted, and his breezy, genial manner made him a great favorite, and invitations to assist in painting this or that town or city red were constant.

But Tom believed it was not necessary to go to such extremes to have a good time.

He liked to take in the theatre, but he invariably returned to his hotel when the show was over, and, therefore, he was in prime condition next morning to resume business.

During his early days in the business he had had many opportunities of meeting with Miss Amy Dent, and their mutual admiration for one another developed into a warm friendship.

Now that he was away from Boston for the greater part of the time, they maintained their relationship by frequent correspondence.

Indeed, the truth of the lame boy's prophesy that Tom would, in time, learn to think more of Amy Dent than of his little chum seemed likely to be realized.

Tom was now eighteen years of age, with accounts in three savings banks aggregating about \$1,800.

One Sunday morning, when in Boston, he noticed an advertisement in the paper of suburban property for sale somewhere out beyond Jamaica Plains.

The announcement interested him.

"As I haven't anything to do to-day I'll go out there and see what this property looks like," he said to himself at breakfast.

And he went.

The advertiser was a small farmer who had 20 acres of ground he wanted to sell very badly.

He had been smitten with the speculative fever, and made one small fortunate investment, and was certain if he could raise money enough he would soon become a millionaire.

He asked \$150 an acre for the ground as it stood.

"I'll give you \$2,500 for your property," said Tom, after he had looked it over.

"Cash?" asked the owner.

"Yes."

The farmer, finding that Tom would not raise his bid, concluded to close with him, and accepted \$10 deposit for a twenty-four hour option.

Garland was due to dinner that afternoon at the Rockwell home.

After the meal Tom asked for a few minutes' private interview with Mr. Rockwell.

Accordingly, Tom and his employer adjourned to the library.

As soon as they were seated the boy went into full particulars about the piece of property he wished to buy.

"I should like to borrow about \$700, Mr. Rockwell, in order to complete the purchase. Of course, I am aware that I cannot legally buy or own property in my own name, as I am a minor. Therefore, I should esteem it a favor if you would qualify as my guardian so that I may acquire this



plot of ground, which I believe is worth a good deal more than I have been asked to pay for it."

Mr. Rockwell thought favorably of the project, and readily agreed to oblige the lad.

So before Tom went away on his next trip he was virtually the owner of the 20 acres of suburban ground.

Garland still continued to have a great deal of faith in the good luck qualities of the bright penny little May had given him.

He had had it rimmed with a golden hoop and attached to his watch chain as a charm, so that he might not lose it.

Three months later Tom returned to Boston from an extended trip as far as Chicago.

A day or two after he had occasion to go down to Nahant on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, a bold promontory connected with the mainland by narrow ridges of sand and stone thrown up by the ocean, above which the highest point rises 150 feet.

After transacting his business he took a walk along the beach.

At the extreme end Tom found what appeared to be a huge pile of driftwood, cast up among the rocks of a little cove.

There seemed to be cords and cords of it, mingled with various bits of iron and other wreckage.

It was funny looking wood, all sawed smooth in little slabs and blocks.

Tom picked up a couple of pieces, and after examining them slipped them into his pocket.

Then he retraced his steps in time to catch a train for the city.

That afternoon he casually showed the blocks of wood he had picked up on the Nahant beach to Mr. Small.

"That's engravers' boxwood," said the manager. "Where did you pick it up?"

Tom told him.

"Is it of any value?" asked the boy.

"I should say it is," replied Mr. Small. "I'd like to own a cord or two of it."

That set Tom to thinking.

He made it his business to call on a prominent wood engraver, to whom he showed the samples.

"Have you got much of this?" was the inquiry.

"I think I can put my hand on several cords of it."

"What do you want for the lot?"

"What are you willing to pay if I deliver it in Boston?"

The engraver thought a moment and named a figure.

"You will hear from me in a day or two," replied Tom, in a non-committal way.

As he didn't own the wood, and wasn't sure he could even get possession of it, of course Garland couldn't make any definite arrangements with the engraver.

But he saw a speculation ahead—one which struck him as being very profitable if he could engineer it through—and he was eager to round it up.

So he made another trip to Nahant, and found that the bit of shore where the driftwood was piled was the property of one of the hotels which was closed for the season.

The owner was also the proprietor of the American House in Boston.

Straightaway Tom returned and secured an interview with the hotel man.

"I was down at Nahant to-day and noticed a big pile of driftwood along the beach at a point within the lines of your property. I should like to buy the wood if you would sell it cheap."

"How much is there of it?" asked the astute hotel man, who presumed some small vessel had gone ashore at that point and broken up.

"Maybe five or six cords," replied Tom.

"Is that all? Well, you can have it for \$10."

Tom pretended to consider the figure, as if debating whether it was worth that to him.

"I'll take it," he said, finally, tendering a \$10 bill. "Please give me a bill of sale of it, so I can show my authority for removing it from the beach."

This was done and the transaction concluded.

Then Garland chartered a small sloop, and with the owner and his son, sailed down to the beach.

The day being fine and the water quite smooth, no difficulty was met with in anchoring close inshore at the spot where the wood was piled up.

Before dark Tom had the whole of the boxwood transferred to the sloop.

Then the anchor was hove up and the craft headed in for the city.

"What do you expect to do with all this stuff?" asked the owner of the sloop, curiously, pointing to the oddly shaped blocks of the Turkey wood.

"I expect to sell it," answered Tom.

"It will make very poor firewood," said the man. "It's as hard as iron."

"I don't think it will be used as firewood," replied Tom, with a smile.

"What other use is it good for?"

"It's good for drawing pictures on, for one thing."

"You're making fun at me, aren't you?" protested the owner of the sloop.

Tom assured him that he was not, but would make no further explanation.

Next morning he brought the representative of the big engraving house down to the wharf where the sloop was moored.

"There's my boxwood, the real Turkey article. If you take the lot off my hands it's yours for \$2,500, otherwise I'll sell it out in smaller lots at a higher figure; that is, close to the market price," said Tom, in a business-like way.

The man examined the wood carefully so he could obtain a pretty correct idea of its condition, and then offered \$2,000.

"No, sir; it's cheap at what I said, and you can make a good thing by taking it at my price. It's \$2,500 or no sale."

Tom was firm on this point, and in the end he and the engraver came to terms.



A check was made out to Garland, who gave the purchaser a bill of sale of the sloop's cargo.

Then Tom returned to the store, showed the check to Mr. Small, and told him the story of his little speculation in boxwood.

The manager was a most astonished man.

"Well, Tom Garland, you're about as smart as they make 'em these days. If the hotel man ever hears of this he'll have a fit."

Tom thought so, too.

"If it wasn't for my lucky penny, sir——"

But the manager took him by the shoulders and gently forced him out of his office, as if he didn't want to hear anything more about Tom's fetish.

## CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH DICK FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF DR. HAWKE AGAIN.

Mr. Rockwell had employed a private detective agency to investigate Mr. Sleek, with the view of finding out the object of that smooth individual in wishing to rid himself of his nephew.

Reports were occasionally made on the matter by the agency, but so far their representative had not been able to penetrate the mystery.

It was not deemed advisable to bring about a public exposure of Mr. Wickes's industrial farm until they were ready to proceed against Dr. Hawke in behalf of Dick Rogers.

When the time came, Tom and Mr. Rockwell hoped to be in a position to force the hypocritical Bentley Wickes to appear as a corroborative witness against the physician, who was to a certain extent kept under surveillance.

Nearly a year had now elapsed since the night of Tom and Dick's escape from the farm.

The lame boy was quite a new being.

Good care and a congenial atmosphere of interesting books and studies were having their beneficial result.

He was now a happy, healthy boy of sixteen, and one of his chief delights was the occasional visit of his chum to the school.

As for Garland himself, he was progressing famously in business and was making very good money for a boy of his age.

The money he had made out of his boxwood speculation he had invested through Mr. Rockwell in a fine suburban villa, which had been sold at a bargain to close an estate.

"By the way, Tom," said his employer one day, "I've had a good offer for that house of yours."

"Have you?" said the boy. "Do you think I had better sell it?"

"I would advise you to do so, as you can double your money."

"Very well, then, I authorize you to do so. It's funny,

but I was thinking of speaking to you on the subject, for I just heard of another bargain in real estate I'd like to get hold of. It will take about \$5,000 to swing it. It's a two-family brick house in Brookline, about to be sold under foreclosure proceedings. It is worth all of \$8,000, or even more. But I know of a drummer who is on the lookout for just such a place. I don't know of any easier way of making a profit of \$3,000 than that."

Mr. Rockwell had implicit confidence in Tom's judgment in business matters.

"Well, Tom, if you think it's worth while, I'll loan you the necessary funds to make the deal, and in the meantime I'll take up the offer for your house and put the sale through."

"Thank you, sir," answered the boy, gratefully.

The result was that within the month Garland had made a profit of \$2,500 on his house and \$3,000 on the double tenement transaction.

His bank account now footed up something like \$9,000, and as he didn't like his capital to remain idle at a small interest, he kept his eyes open for any good thing which might happen to turn up.

Besides, he had his 20 acres of land in the vicinity of Jamaica Plains, which a prominent real estate man had recently appraised at \$4,000.

Summer came on again and Mr. Rockwell and his family took possession of his villa at Swampscott as was his custom.

Tom was invited to spend his vacation with them, and, of course, Dick Rogers was included.

The great attraction for our young hero was Amy Dent, now sixteen, with all the piquant charms of a little budding beauty.

They walked, talked and sang together, went sailing together, so that any one could see with half an eye that the two young people were very much interested in each other.

Very often, however, they took Dick and little May with them.

Such was the case one warm, starlight night in July, when the four left the private wharf of the Rockwell villa in the small sloop yacht "Amy," which Mr. Rockwell had purchased especially for short summer cruises along shore.

There was a nice breeze offshore, and Tom, who was something of a practical yachtsman, headed the boat for blue water.

"Isn't it a lovely night?" remarked Miss Amy, as she reclined negligently on the cushioned seat which encircled the cockpit.

"It's all right. What do you think about it, Dick? You haven't opened your mouth since we left our moorings."

"You mustn't mind me. I was thinking."

"It seems to me you're always thinking these days. Well, what were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking whether, if I threw the end of my fishing line overboard, well baited, I should catch anything or not."



"You might try and see. That's the best way to find out."

Thus encouraged, Dick made the attempt, but after a quarter of an hour there didn't seem to be anything doing in the fishing line.

Finally he pulled his line in to look at his bait, and with it came a seaweed, consisting of a long, cylindrical, hollow stem, gradually expanding into a leaf some ten inches in breadth.

"What a curious weed, isn't it, Dick?" said Amy, leaning over, while the lame boy examined it with great interest.

"Yes," answered Dick. "This plant is called by our fishermen and sailors the 'Devil's Apron.'"

"What a funny name," she said, feeling the weed gingerly. "What's that at the end of it?"

It was a horse-muscle, as large as a man's hand, clinging to the roots of the weed, which, together with small pebbles, had served as an anchor to keep it at the bottom.

After looking at the roots attentively a few minutes, Dick pointed out about a dozen snake-armed starfish wound around the tendrils.

"This species," said Dick, who was pretty well informed on the subject, "is found only in deep water, and, as a rule, can only be got by dredging. You see it consists of a small central disc of the size of a dime, and five long, slender, spiny arms, which twine like serpents among the roots of the seaweed."

The lame boy also pointed out upon the dripping mass something that looked like a large drop of blood.

"This is an ascidian."

"Oh!" said Amy, apparently not very much enlightened.

She regarded it with some curiosity and found it was a small, flat, leathery disk of a red color, of little thickness, but still sufficient to hold a variety of organs, gills, liver, stomach, etc., at least so Dick said, and Amy was willing to take his word for it.

While she was examining the thing, Dick found something else.

"Why, here's a gasteropod mollusk," he explained.

"Oh, come off, Dick!" said Tom, butting in good-naturedly. "One would fancy you were a professor explaining marine phenomena to your class. Take another shy at a fish."

"I don't believe I'll get a bite," replied Dick, shaking his head, doubtfully.

The lame boy, however, threw his line overboard again, while Amy came over and sat beside Tom once more.

They had been an hour on the water, and were some distance out, heading up the coast, when a change came almost imperceptibly over the face of the night.

A mist was crawling up from the southeast, blotting out the stars, and casting a peculiar, weird effect over the ocean in that direction.

The young people did not observe the change until their attention was attracted by a low, rumbling sound in the distance.

"B'ge!" exclaimed Tom, waking up suddenly to the

situation, "I guess it's back to Swampscott for us as quick as we can get there."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"There'll be something doing before long or all weather signs go for nothing. I believe there's a thunderstorm coming up."

He brought the sloop about and headed shoreward.

Then it became apparent that the wind was rapidly dying away.

In Tom's eyes this was a bad sign for them, and he didn't like it.

At length the sail showed a tendency to flap, and inside of ten minutes the pretty sloop had lost all headway and was drifting up the coast in the direction of Fang Ledge—a large, spindle-shaped rock, which rose thirty feet above high tide and from which projected a spur of rock, only the extreme point of which, fifteen yards away, was exposed at low water, but was completely swept by the sea at high tide.

In the course of half an hour the tide grounded the "Amy" on the south side of Fang Ledge.

Tom took off his shoes, rolled up his trowser's legs and stepped ashore.

He fended the sloop off and drew her around under the lee of the spindle, where she could float in safety till the wind came up again.

As there was a snug little aperture in the rock, well out of reach of the water, he advised his party to go ashore and take possession of it until the thunderstorm passed over.

Tom left the party in order to take another look at the sky in the southeast.

The sky had now turned a jet black in that direction, and vivid flashes of lightning cut red streaks through it, followed by the mutterings of thunder.

"It's coming up fast," he muttered. "And it's going to pile up a nasty sea while it lasts."

As a matter of fact, he had hit the nail on the head, and the evidence was soon forthcoming.

The wind and water rose almost simultaneously.

It was as if old Boreas had suddenly opened the doors of his caverns and unloosed the air in sweeping volumes.

With a roar it struck Fang Ledge and in a moment the sea was boiling all around the rock.

As Tom turned to rejoin the party a wild scream rang out from the other side of the rock.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Garland, in dismay, "that's Dick's voice. What has happened to him?"

A few steps carried him to the aperture in the rock where Amy and little May were huddled together in terror.

The lame boy was missing.

"Where's Dick?" cried Tom, a dreadful feeling of disaster to his little chum striking him to the heart.

"He went around the rock that way," said Amy, in trembling tones, pointing to a course opposite to that taken by Tom.

"Help! Tom! Help!" came in wailing accents from around the rock, but much fainter than before.



Tom sprang around the rock into the very teeth of the storm, now full upon them.

The dashing surf covered him with foam, but he heeded it not.

"Dick! Dick!" he cried, frantically. "Where are you?"

A flash of lightning lit up the water, and there, in a boat, close to the tooth of the ledge, fifteen yards away, Tom saw the white face of Dr. Hawke, rowing like mad, while in the bottom of the frail craft lay his chum, Dick.

Then darkness settled down again, and a terrible peal of thunder seemed to tear the very firmament into shreds.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN WHICH EVERYTHING COMES OUT ALL RIGHT.

The next flash of lightning showed to Tom's staring eyes the small boat close under the lee of the ugly black Fang rock, which rose above the white, foamy sea, and Dr. Hawke in the act of flinging poor little lame Dick Rogers upon it.

Garland uttered a cry of horror, which the howling wind forced back down his throat again, and gazed wildly across that short span of boiling water.

Again darkness intervened as an awful crash shivered the trembling air.

The third electric glare pictured Dick clinging with one hand to the rock and the other extended toward Tom, while Dr. Hawke was to be seen bending to his oars, his boat rising like a feather on the waves.

But retribution for the miscreant was at hand.

Simultaneous with a terrific roar from the overcharged clouds came a bolt of electricity out of a rift in the black heavens, and it darted down like an avenging arrow of fire, straight at the doomed man in the boat.

It was all over in a second, and the next flash showed only a vacant sea—man and boat were gone as if they never had existed.

Then the cry of his chum rang across the water.

Helpless upon the Fang rock, Dick awaited death, which approached nearer every moment with the steady rising of the tide.

Again came his appeal for help—help which seemed impossible to be given.

Tom could not resist the impulse that came over him to save his little friend.

He remembered they had promised to be chums till death came between them.

He could not stand there in the storm and see the boy perish before his eyes.

It might be madness to try and breast that space of raging water, though only fifteen yards; but he was strong, with sinews of steel, he could at least try, for Dick's sake.

To resolve was to act with Tom.

He dived into the water and struck out for the rock.

When he came to the surface he found that the waves had swept him almost within reach of the Fang.

But the sweep of the sea carried him back to his starting point again.

Then as the water surged back he went with it until he appeared to almost hover above the rock.

He threw himself forward and landed beside Dick.

"Oh, Tom!" cried the lame boy, throwing his arms around his friend's neck. "Can you, oh, can you save me?"

"I'll save you, chum, never fear, or we will go down together!"

Holding on till he had recovered his breath, while the hungry water, reaching for its prey, surged about their knees, Tom was ready for the final trial—to swim back with Dick.

"Hold on tight to me, Dick," he said, while he watched the water for a favorable moment to launch himself and his precious burden overboard.

The moment came and Tom plunged in.

As he had calculated, the wave carried him so close to the spindle rocks that by a quick effort he was able to reach out and seize a jagged rock with both hands.

The receding water tried to tear him from his hold, but he hung on with the grip of death, and a moment later climbed painfully up out of the water.

His daring exploit was successful.

The thunderstorm was rapidly passing shoreward, and the worst of their peril was over.

Silently the two boys bowed their heads and thanked God for his mercy in saving them from the sea, then they rejoined the frightened Amy and May in the hole under the lee of the spindle, where the sloop was riding out the storm in safety.

Thirty minutes later the wind had subsided to a brisk gale, and under double reefed mainsail the party was once more afloat for Swampscot beach.

The sudden storm, brief as it proved to be, had driven the people of Swampscot into their homes and hotels.

The three beaches, and the bases of the picturesque headlands, were white with the rolling surf, where an hour before the water lapped gently upon the hard, white sand and slimy rocks.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell, aware that the young people had gone out on the sloop yacht, were wild with anxiety lest the little boat might have been swamped or dashed upon the rocks.

As soon as the worst of the storm was over, Mr. Rockwell roused out many of the permanent residents, hardy-looking fishermen, and started to scour the shore.

At length one of the men saw the sloop through his glass, and the cheery news was carried to Mr. Rockwell.

It was not long before he had his little daughter in his arms, and Tom by the hand.

Then all returned to the villa, and you may well believe Garland had a thrilling story to tell of how he saved Dick from Fang rock.

"I hardly know how I accomplished it," he said, in conclusion.

"It was Fate's will that Dick was not to perish," replied Mr. Rockwell, solemnly.



"At least we have the satisfaction of knowing that Dick's deadly enemy has perished, and now nothing stands between him and his own," said Tom. "Dr. Hawke has paid the penalty of his wickedness."

Two months later, at Dick's request, Mr. Rockwell was legally appointed his guardian, and thereafter the boy wanted for nothing.

Before Tom went on his first Fall trip he invested his money, on the advice of a well-informed friend in the financial world, in Canadian Pacific stock on a ten per cent. margin, his friend to close the deal during his absence if he deemed best.

He purchased 600 shares at 140, depositing \$8,400 as security with the broker.

It was a remarkably fortunate investment, for the stock began to go up almost immediately at a steady rate.

In the course of a couple of months a well-founded rumor of an oil strike on a portion of the company's land created intense excitement on the market, and the stock rose in bounds to 175, where it held firm, and no attack of the bears could weaken it.

At that figure the broker was instructed by Tom's friend to sell out the stock, and a check for \$29,250, above all expenses of the deal was handed to Mr. Rockwell to deposit in the bank to Tom's account.

He had made an actual profit of nearly \$21,000 by the transaction.

About this time the detective agency employed in the boy's interest, discovered that Mr. Sleek was negotiating the sale of a valuable tract of Western land.

This clew being followed up, it was found that the property had belonged to Tom's father, and until a year previous had been deemed of little value.

The discovery of ore in the neighborhood had caused some excitement in that direction, which had come to Mr. Sleek's ears, and being an artful individual he determined to possess himself of the property.

He had done a favor once on a time for his friend Captain Boone, and he thought the captain would be willing to reciprocate, and he was not wrong in his surmise, especially as Mr. Sleek accompanied his request with a promise of numerous dollars if the captain not only carried the boy off to sea, but saw to it that Tom was disposed of in a way that would prevent his return to America.

As Captain Boone knew of an island where Garland could safely be marooned, with small hope of rescue, the plot promised well until Tom, as we have seen, discovered his uncle's perfidy, and took effective means to circumvent him.

Foiled in this, Mr. Sleek decided to try and gobble up the value of the land on the quiet, and he would have succeeded but for the method pursued by Mr. Rockwell for his detection.

The result of it all was that Mr. Sleek was cornered, compelled to disgorge, and was only saved from a term in the State prison by Tom's generosity, as well as desire to prevent disgrace from publicly smirching any branch of the family.

The exposure of Mr. Bentley Wickes's Industrial Farm

came about without any assistance from Tom Garland or Dick Rogers.

Certain facts leaked out, came to the ear of the editor of a Boston paper, and the newspaper didn't do a thing to Mr. Wickes and his establishment.

Mr. Wickes found it desirable to skip out of the State with his family, and the institution became a thing of the past.

The sign for sale was put upon the front wall, and the prospect of another long term of disuse and neglect seemed to await the property, when Tom Garland and Dick Rogers stepped in and bought the property, at a great bargain, between them.

The old Revolutionary building was swept away with its stone wall, and the truck patch was also included in the improvements which followed.

Six fine villas were erected there, overlooking Boston Bay, five of which were sold to good advantage, the boys making a handsome profit; but the finest one was reserved by the boys and merely rented.

In six months Tom celebrated his nineteenth year with two notable events.

He disposed of his 20 acres of land near Jamaica Plains for the sum of \$10,000 to a syndicate, which proposed to cut the property up into building lots and boom the place.

Thus he had made a matter of over \$50,000 by his own sagacity inside of a year and a half, from the day he and Dick landed in Boston without a cent.

The second event, and the more important one, was Tom Garland's engagement to Miss Amy Dent, Mrs. Rockwell's niece, with the understanding that the young couple were to be married when Tom attained his majority.

It is understood that they will live in the East Boston villa, and that Dick Rogers will live there with them, after he graduates from Harvard.

And Tom believes Dick is more than half right when he asserts that all of his chum's good fortune started from the day he came into possession of the bright new cent, which he still calls his Lucky Penny.

## THE END.

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